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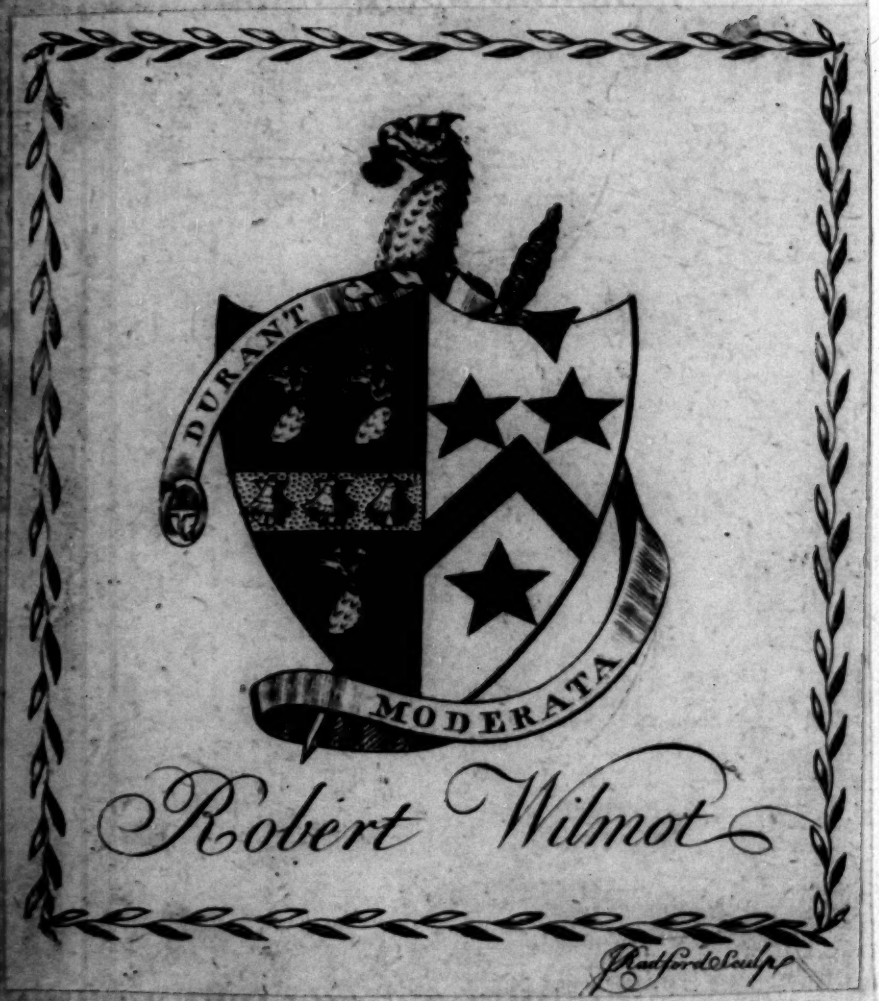

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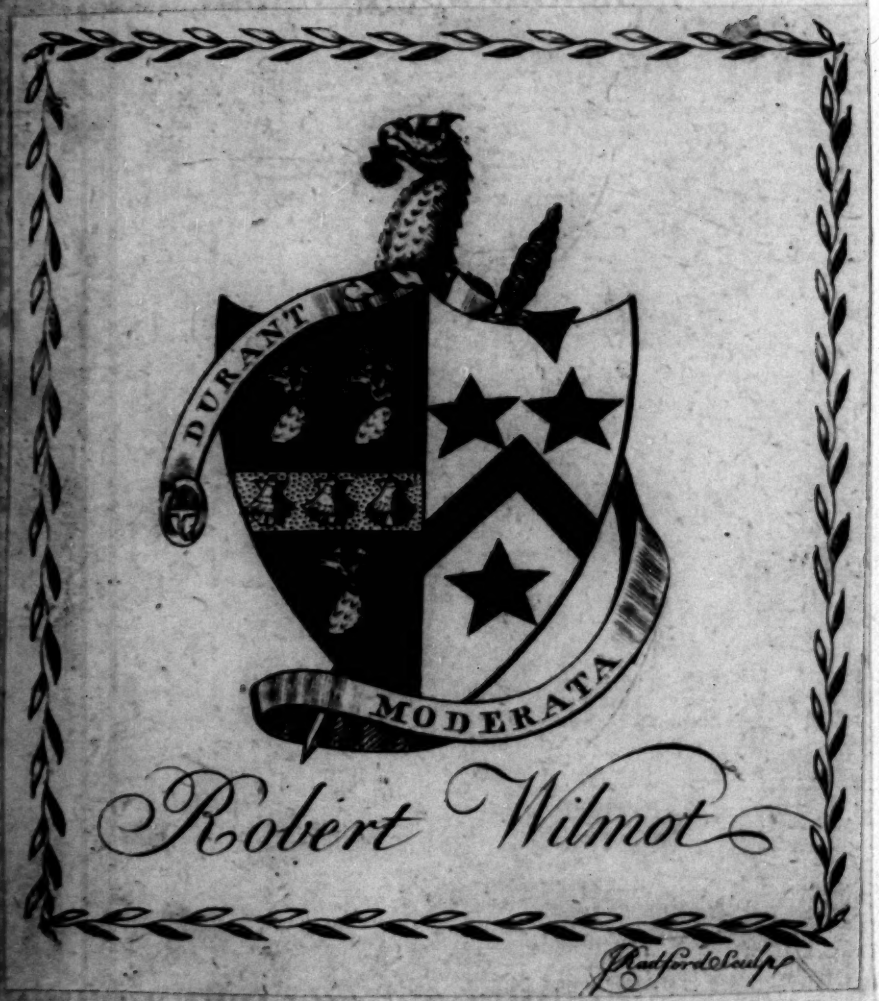

1607/4233.

LOVE of FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

IN

Seven Characteriſtical

SATIRES.

——*Fulgente trahit conſtrictos* Gloria *curru*
Non minus ignotos generoſis. HOR.

The SIXTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCLXIII.

1607/4233

PREFACE.

THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conſcious of the leaſt malevolence to to any particular perſon thro' all the Characters; tho' ſome perſons may be ſo ſelfiſh, as to ingroſs a general application to themſelves. A writer in polite letters ſhould be content with reputation, the private amuſement he finds in his compoſitions, the good influence they have on his ſeverer ſtudies, that admiſſion they give him to his ſuperiors, and the poſſible good effect he may have on the public; or elſe they ſhould join to his Politeneſs ſome more lucrative qualification.

But is it poſſible that Satire may not do much good. Men may riſe in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abus'd by others. It is much *to be fear'd* that miſconduct will never be chaced out of the world by *Satire*; all therefore that is to be ſaid for it, is, that miſconduct will *certainly* be never chaced out of the world by Satire, if no Satires are written. Which is applicable, likewiſe, to graver compoſitions. *Ethics* Heathen and Chriſtian, and the Scriptures themſelves are in a great meaſure, a *Satire* on the weakneſs, and iniquity of men; and ſome part of that Satire is in verſe, too. Nay in the firſt ages, Philoſophy and Poetry were the ſame thing; wiſdom wore no other dreſs. So that, I hope, theſe Satires will be the more eaſily pardon'd that misfortune by the Severe. If they like not the faſhion, let them take them by the weight; for ſome weight they have, or the Author has fail'd of his aim. Nay, *Hiſtorians* themſelves may be conſider'd as Satiriſts, and

Satiriſts

Satiriſts moſt ſevere; ſince ſuch are moſt human Actions that to *relate*, is to *expoſe* them.

No man can converſe much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he muſt either be inſenſible, or grieve, or be angry, or ſmile. Some paſſion (if we are not impaſſive) muſt be mov'd; for the general conduct of mankind is, by no means, a thing *indifferent*, to a reaſonable and virtuous man. Now to ſmile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think moſt eligible; as it hurts ourſelves leaſt, and gives vice and folly the greateſt offence: And that for *this* reaſon: becauſe what men aim at by them, is, generally public opinion and eſteem. Which truth is the ſubject of the following Satires; and joins them together, as ſeveral branches from the ſame root. An unity of deſign, which has not (I think) in a ſet of Satires been attempted before.

Laughing at the miſconduct of the world, will, in a great meaſure, eaſe us of any more diſagreeable paſſion about it. One paſſion is

more effectually driven out by another, than by reaſon; whatever ſome may teach. For to reaſon we owe our paſſions; had we not reaſon, we ſhould not be offended at what we find amiſs. And the *cauſe* ſeems not to be the natural cure of any *effect*.

Moreover, *laughing Satire* bids the faireſt for ſucceſs. The world is too proud to be fond of a ſerious Tutor: And when an Author is in a paſſion, the laugh, generally, as in converſation, turns againſt him. This kind of Satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy *Horace* is the beſt maſter: He appears in good humour while he cenſures; and therefore his cenſure has the more weight, as ſuppoſed to proceed from Judgment, not from Paſſion. *Juvenal* is ever in a paſſion: he has little valuable but his Eloquence, and Morality: The laſt of which I have had in my eye, but rather for emulation than imitation, thro' my whole work.

But tho' I, comparatively, condemn *Juvenal*, in part of the ſixth Satire (where the

the occaſion moſt requir'd it) I endeavour'd to touch on his manner; but was forc'd to quit it ſoon, as diſagreeable to the Writer, and Reader too. *Boileau* has join both the *Roman* Satiriſts with great ſucceſs; but has too much of *Juvenal* in his very ſerious Satire on Women, which ſhould have been the gayeſt of all. An excellent critick of our own commends *Boileau*'s cloſeneſs, or, as he calls it, *preſſneſs*, particularly: Whereas it appears to me, that Repetition is his fault: if any fault ſhould be imputed to him.

There are ſome Proſe-Satiriſts of the greateſt Delicacy, and Wit; the laſt of which can never, or ſhould never ſucceed, without the former. An Author, without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himſelf; which are bad Advocates for reputation, and ſucceſs. What a difference is there between the *merit*, if not the *wit* of *Cervantes*, and *Rabelais?* The laſt has a particular art of throwing a great deal of Genius, and Learning into frolick, and jeſt; but the Genius and the Scholar is all you can

admire; you want the Gentleman to converſe with, in him. He is like a criminal who receives his life for ſome ſervices; who commend, but you pardon, too. Indecency offends our pride, as men, and our unaffected taſte, as judges of compoſition. Nature has wiſely form'd us with an averſion to it: And he that ſucceeds in ſpite of it, is, * *alienâ veniâ, quàm ſuâ providentiâ Tutior.*

Such Wits, like falſe Oracles of old, (which were Wits, and Cheats,) ſhould ſet up for reputation among the *weak*,): in ſome *Bœotia*, which was the Land of Oracles; for the *wiſe* will hold them in contempt. Some Wits too, like Oracles, deal in *ambiguities*; but not with equal ſucceſs; for tho' ambiguities are the *firſt* excellence of an Impoſtor, they are the *laſt* of a Wit.

Some Satirical Wits, and Humoriſts, like their Father *Lucian*, laugh at every thing indiſcriminately; which betrays ſuch a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and ſuch a want of virtue, as to poſt-

* Val. Max.

pone

pone it to a jeſt. Such writers encourage Vice and Folly, which they pretend to combat, by ſetting them on an equal foot with better things: And while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts ſhould eſcape? Some *French* writers, particularly, are guilty of this, in matters of the laſt conſequence, and ſome of our own. They that are for leſſening the true dignity of mankind, are not ſure of being ſucceſsful, but with regard to *one individual* in it. It is this conduct that juſtly makes a *wit* a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of *Plato*'s fable of the birth of *Love*: one of the prettieſt fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewiſe with regard to modern *Poetry*. Love, ſays he, is the Son of the goddeſs *Poverty*, and the god *Riches*; he has from his *father*, his daring Genius, his Elevation of thought, his building caſtles in the Air; his prodigality; his neglect of things ſerious and uſeful; his vain opinion of his own merit, and his affectation of preference and diſtinction. From

his *mother* he inherits his indigence, which makes him a conſtant beggar of favours; that importunity, with which he begs; his flattery; his ſervility; his fear of being deſpis'd, which is inſeparable from him. This addition may be made, *viz.* That Poetry like Love, is a little ſubject to *blindneſs*, which makes her miſtake her way to preferments, and honours; that ſhe has her Satirical *Quiver*; and laſtly, that ſhe retains a dutiful admiration for her *father*'s family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her *mother*'s relations.

However, this is not *neceſſity* but *choice*; were Wiſdom her governeſs, ſhe might have much more of the father than the mother; eſpecially in ſuch an Age as this, which ſhows a due paſſion for her charms.

LOVE

LOVE of FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE I.

To His GRACE the

DUKE of *DORSET*.

——— *Tanto major Famæ ſitis eſt quàm Virtutis.* Juv. Sat. 10.

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MAY

SATIRE I.

To His GRACE the DUKE of *DORSET*.

MY Verſe is Satire; DORSET, lend your ear,
And *patronize* a Muſe you cannot *fear*;
To Poets ſacred is a DORSET's name,
Their wonted paſſport thro' the gates of Fame;
It *bribes* the partial reader into praiſe,
And throws a Glory round the ſhelter'd lays;
The dazzled Judgment fewer faults can ſee,
And gives applauſe to *B—e*, or to Me.
But you decline the *miſtreſs* we purſue;
Others are fond of *Fame*, but *Fame* of You.

IN-

INSTRUCTIVE Satire, true to Virtue's cauſe!
Thou ſhining *ſupplement* of publick *laws!*
When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
Reproach our ſilence, and demand our rage;
When *purchas'd follies* from each diſtant land;
Like Arts improve in *Britain*'s ſkilful hand;
When the *Law* ſhews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And *South-Sea* treaſures are not brought to light;
When *Churchmen* Scripture for the Claſſics quit,
Polite Apoſtates from God's *grace* to *wit*;
When Men grow *great* from their *revenue ſpent*,
And fly from Bailiffs into Parliament;
When dying Sinners, to blot out their ſcore,
Bequeath the *Church* the leavings of a *whore*;
To chafe our Spleen when Themes like theſe increaſe,
Shall *panegyric* reign, and *cenſure* ceaſe!
Shall *poeſy*, like *law*, turn wrong to right,
And Dedications waſh an *Æthiop* white,
Set up each ſenſeleſs wretch for nature's boaſt,
On whom praiſe ſhines, as *trophies* on a *poſt*?
Shall Funeral Eloquence her colours ſpread,
And ſcatter roſes on the wealthy Dead?

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Shall

Shall authors ſmile on ſuch illuſtrious days,
And *ſatirize* with nothing——but their *praiſe?*
Why ſlumbers *Pope*, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?
Donne, *Dorſet*, *Dryden*, *Rocheſter* are dead,
And guilt's chief foe in *Addiſon* is fled;
Congreve, who crown'd with laurel's fairly won,
Sits ſmiling at the Goal while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking ſtill!)
Ye Gods! he will not write, and *Mævius* will.
Doubly diſtreſt, what author ſhall we find
Diſcreetly daring, and ſeverely kind,
The courtly * *Roman*'s ſhining path to tread,
And ſharply *ſmile* prevailing Folly dead?
Will no ſuperior Genius ſnatch the quill,
And ſave me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Tho' vain the ſtrife, I'll ſtrive my voice to raiſe.
What will not men attempt for *ſacred praiſe?*

The *love of praiſe*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more, or leſs, and glows in ev'ry heart:
The *proud* to gain it toils on toils endure,
The *modeſt* ſhun it, but to make it ſure.

* *Horace.*

O'er

O'er globes, and ſcepters, now, on Thrones it ſwells,
Now, trims the midnight lamp in College-cells.
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in Senates, ſqueaks in Maſquerades,
Here, to *S———e's humour* makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder aims at *Pultney's eloquence*.
It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with *life*; but nods in ſable *plumes*,
Adorns our *herſe*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

What is not *proud?* The *pimp* is proud to ſee
So many like himſelf in high degree:
The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peeviſh virtue, and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born
To ſlaughter, glories in his gilded Horn.
Some go to Church, *proud* humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they *look*, another way they *ſteer*,
Pray to the Gods; but would have Mortals hear;
And when their ſins they ſet ſincerely down,
They'll find that their Religion has been one.

Others

Others with wiſhful eyes on *glory* look,
When they have got their *picture* towards a book.
Or pompous *title*, like a gaudy Sign
Meant to betray dull Sots to wretched wine.
If at his Title *T*——— had dropt his quill,
T——— might have paſt for a great genius ſtill;
But *T*——— alas! (excuſe him, if you can)
Is now a *Scribbler*, who was once a *Man*.
Imperious Some a Claſſic *Fame* demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,
While *A*'s *depos'd* and *B* with pomp *reſtor'd*.
Some for *renown* on ſcraps of Learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
To Patch-work learn'd Quotations are ally'd,
Both ſtrive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.
On *Glaſs* how witty is a noble Peer?
Did ever Diamond coſt a Man ſo *dear*?
Polite Diſeaſes make ſome Idiots *vain*,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
On Death-beds ſome in conſcious Glory lie,
Since of the Doctor in the mode they die;
Whoſe wond'rous ſkill is, Headsman-like to know,
For better pay to give a ſurer blow.

Of Folly, Vice, Diſeaſe, men proud we ſee;
And (ſtranger ſtill) of Blockhead's flattery,
Whoſe Praiſe defames; as if a Fool ſhould mean
By ſpitting on your face to make it clean.

Nor is't enough all hearts are ſwoln with *pride*,
Her *pow'r* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
What can ſhe not perform? The Love of Fame
Made bold *Alphonſus* his Creator blame,
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning Steep,
And (ſtronger ſtill!) made *Alexander* weep.
Nay it holds *Delia* from a ſecond bed,
Tho' her lov'd Lord has four half months been dead.
This Paſſion with a *pimple* have I ſeen
Retard a Cauſe, and give a Judge the ſpleen.
By *this* inſpir'd (O! ne'er to be forgot)
Some Lords have learnt to *ſpell*, and ſome to *knot*.
It makes *Globoſe* a Speaker in the Houſe;
He Hems, and is deliver'd of his Mouſe.
It makes *dear Self* on well bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the *little Hero* of each Tale.

Sick with the *love of Fame* what throngs pour in,
Unpeople *court*, and leave the *ſenate* thin?

My

My growing Subject ſeems but juſt begun,
And, Chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great *Homer!* with thy *Epic* rules
To take a catalogue of *Britiſh* fools.
Satire! had I thy *Dorſet*'s force divine,
A Knave, or Fool ſhould periſh in each line;
Tho' for the Firſt all *Weſtminſter* ſhould plead,
And for the laſt all *Greſham* intercede.

Begin. Who firſt the *Catalogue* ſhall grace?
To *Quality* belongs the higheſt place.
My Lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye Vulgar! at your peril give him room;
He ſtands for *Fame* on his forefather's feet,
By Heraldry prov'd *valiant*, or *diſcreet*.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by *three deſcents* leſs wiſe?
If Virtues at his noble hand you crave,
You bid him raiſe his Fathers from the grave,
Men ſhould preſs forward in Fame's glorious chace,
Nobles look *backward*, and ſo loſe the race.
Let high Birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing —— but Merit in a low eſtate.

To Virtue's humbleſt ſon let none preſer
Vice, tho' deſcended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, paſs for high, or baſe,
Slight, or important, only by their Place?
Titles are marks of *honeſt* men, and *wiſe*;
The Fool, or Knave that wears a Title, *lies*.
They that on glorious Anceſtors inlarge,
Produce their *debt*, inſtead of their *diſcharge*.
Dorſet, let thoſe who proudly boaſt their Line,
Like Thee, in worth hereditary, ſhine.

Vain as falſe Greatneſs is, the Muſe muſt own
We want not fools to buy that *Briſtol* ſtone.
Mean ſons of Earth, who on a *South-Sea* tide
Of full ſucceſs ſwam into *wealth*, and *pride*,
Knock with a purſe of Gold at *Anſtis'* gate,
And beg to be deſcended from the Great.
When men of Infamy to Grandeur ſoar,
They light a torch to ſhew their ſhame the more.
Thoſe Governments which *curb* not Evils, *cauſe*;
And a rich Knave's a *libel* on our *laws*

Belus with ſolid *glory* will be crown'd;
He buys no Phantom, no vain empty ſound,

But

But *builds* himſelf a name; and to be great,
Sinks in a Quarry an immence eſtate;
In coſt, and grandeur *Chandos* he'll out-do,
And *Burlington*, thy Taſte is not ſo true.
The Pile is finiſht, every toil is paſt,
And full perfection is arriv'd at laſt;
When lo! my Lord to ſome ſmall Corner runs,
And leaves ſtate-rooms to *ſtrangers*, and to *duns*.
The man who builds, and wants where with to pay,
Provides a Home from which to run away.
In *Britain* what is many a lordly Seat,
But a Diſcharge in full for an eſtate?

In ſmaller compaſs lies *Pygmalion*'s Fame;
Not Domes, but Antick ſtatues are his Flame.
Not *F—t—n*'s ſelf more *Parian* charms has known;
Nor is good *Pembroke* more in love with Stone.
The Bailiffs come (rude men, prophanely bold!)
And bid him turn his *Venus* into gold.
"No, Sirs, he cries, I'll ſooner rot in Jail!
"Shall *Grecian* Arts be truckt for *Engliſh* Bail?
Such *Heads* might make their very *Buſto*'s laugh.
His Daughter ſtarves, but * *Cleopatra*'s ſafe.

* *A famous ſtatue.*

Men

Men overloaded with a large eſtate
May ſpill their Treaſure in a nice Conceit;
The *rich* may be polite, but oh! 'tis ſad
To ſay you're *curious*, when we ſwear you're mad.
By your Revenue meaſure your expence,
And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *ſenſe*;
No man is bleſt by *accident*, or *gueſs*,
True *wiſdom* is the price of *happineſs*;
Yet few without long diſcipline are ſage,
And our *youth* only lays up ſighs for *age*.

But how, my Muſe, canſt thou refuſe ſo long
The bright temptation of the Courtly throng,
Thy moſt inviting Theme? the *court* affords
Much food for Satire, it abounds in Lords.
"What Lords are thoſe ſaluting with a grin?"
One is juſt *out*, and One is lately *in*.
"How comes it then to paſs we ſee preſide
"On both their brows an equal ſhare of *pride*?"
Pride, that impartial paſſion, reigns thro' all,
Attends our Glory, nor deſerts our Fall.
As in its Home, it triumphs in *high-place*,
And frowns a haughty Exile in *diſgrace*.

Some

Some Lords it bids admire their Wands ſo white,
Which bloom, like *Aaron*'s, to their raviſht ſight;
Some Lords it bids *reſign*, and turns their wands,
Like *Moſes*', into Serpents in their hands.
Theſe ſink, as Divers, for renown! and boaſt
With pride *inverted* of their Honours loſt.
But againſt Reaſon ſure 'tis equal ſin
To boaſt of merely being *out* or *in*.

What numbers, *here*, thro' odd Ambition ſtrive
To ſeem the moſt tranſported Things alive?
As if by *joy deſert* was underſtood,
And all the fortunate were *wiſe*, or *good*.
Hence aching boſoms wear a viſage gay,
And ſtifled Groans frequent the Ball, and Play.
Compleatly dreſt by * *Monteuel*, and Grimace,
They take their *birth-day* ſuit, and *public* face;
Their ſmiles are only part of what they *wear*,
Put off at night with Lady B———'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half ſo bad?
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.

What numbers, *here*, would into Fame advance,
Conſcious of merit in the Coxcomb's *dance*?

* *A famous Tailor.*

The

The Tavern! Park! Aſſembly! Maſk! and Play!
Thoſe dear deſtroyers of the tedious day!
That Wheel of Fops! that Santer of the Town;
Call it *diverſion*, and the *pill* goes down;
Fools grin on Fools, and *Stoic*-like, ſupport,
Without one ſigh, the *pleaſures* of a Court.
Courts can give nothing to the *wiſe*, and good,
But ſcorn of Pomp, and love of Solitude.
High ſtations *tumults*, but not *bliſs* create;
None think the Great unhappy, but the Great;
Fools gaze, and envy; Envy darts a ſting,
Which makes a Swain as wretched as a King.
I envy none their Pageantry, and ſhow,
I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.
Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind ſerene,
And guiltleſs heart to range the ſylvan ſcene.
No ſplendid Poverty, no ſmiling Care,
No well-bred Hate, or ſervile Grandeur *there*;
There pleaſing objects uſeful thoughts ſuggeſt,
The *ſence* is raviſht, and the *ſoul* is bleſt;
On every Thorn delightful Wiſdom grows,
In every Rill a ſweet Inſtruction flows:
But ſome *untaught*, o'erhear the whiſp'ring rill,
In ſpite of ſacred Leiſure Blockheads ſtill;

Nor

Nor ſhoots up Folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native ſoil, the *drawing-room.*

The *Squire* is *proud* to ſee his Courſer ſtrain,
Or well breath'd Beagles ſweep along the plain.
Say dear *Hippolitus* (whoſe drink is Ale,
Whoſe Erudition is a *Chriſtmas*-tale,
Whoſe Miſtreſs is ſaluted with a ſmack,
And Friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy ſleek Gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And *Ringwood* opens on the tainted ground,
Is That *thy* praiſe? Let *Ringwood*'s fame alone,
Juſt *Ringwood* leaves each Animal his own,
Nor envies when a Gipſy *you* commit,
And ſhake the clumſy *bench* with Country wit;
When you the dulleſt of dull things have ſaid,
And then aſk pardon for the *jeſt* you made.

Here breathe, my Muſe! and then thy task renew,
Ten thouſand Fools unſung are ſtill in view:
Fewer Lay-atheiſts made by church-debates;
Fewer Great Beggars fam'd for large eſtates;
Ladies, whoſe Love is conſtant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a Guinea to mankind;

Fewer grave Lords to *Scroope* diſcreetly bend:
And fewer *ſhocks* a Stateſman gives his *friend.*
Is there a man of an eternal Vein,
Who lulls the Town in *winter* with his ſtrain,
At *Bath* in *ſummer* chants the reigning Laſs,
And ſweetly *whiſtles*, as the *waters* paſs?
Is there a Tongue, like *Delia*'s o'er her cup,
That runs for Ages without winding-up?
Is there, whom his *tenth Epic* mounts to Fame?
Such, and ſuch only might exhauſt my Theme;
Nor would theſe Heroes of the task be glad;
For who can *write* ſo faſt as men run *mad?*

LOVE of FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE II.

To the Right Honourable the

EARL of *SCARBOROUGH.*

——*Tanto major Famæ ſitis eſt, quàm Virtutis.* Juv. Sat. 10.

SATIRE II.

MY Muſe, proceed, and reach thy deſtin'd end;
Tho' *toil*, and *danger* the bold task attend.
Heroes, and *Gods* make other poems fine,
Plain Satire calls for *ſenſe* in ev'ry line;
Then, to what ſwarms thy faults I dare expoſe?
All friends to *vice* and *folly*, are thy foes;
When *ſuch* the Foe, a war eternal wage,
'Tis moſt Ill-nature to *repreſs* thy rage;
And if theſe ſtrains ſome nobler Muſe excite,
I'll glory in the Verſe I did *not* write.

So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to ſuch weakneſs by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their *zeſt* of pleaſure, and their *balm* of woe.

Thou, like the Sun, all *colours* doſt contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain;
For every ſoul finds reaſons to be proud,
Tho' hiſs'd, and hooted by the pointing crowd.
Warm in purſuit of Foxes, and Renown,
* *Hippolitus* demands the *Sylvan* crown;
But *Florio*'s Fame, the product of a ſhower,
Grows in his garden, an illuſtrious flower!
Why teems the Earth? why melt the vernal Skies?
Why ſhines the Sun? to make † *Paul Diack* riſe.
From morn to night has *Florio* gazing ſtood,
And wonder'd how the Gods could be ſo good.
What ſhape? what hue? was ever Nymph ſo fair?
He dotes! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
O ſolid bliſs! which nothing can deſtroy
Except a cat, bird, ſnail, or idle boy.
In Fame's full bloom lies *Florio* down at night,
And wakes next day a moſt inglorious Wight;
The Tulip's dead! ſee thy fair Siſter's fate,
O *C*———*!* and be kind e'er 'tis too late.
Nor are thoſe enemies I mention'd all;
Beware, O Floriſt, thy ambition's fall.

* *This refers to the firſt Satire.* † *The name of a Tulip.*

A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A Quaker ſerv'd him, *Adam* was his name.
To one lov'd Tulip oft the maſter went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture ſpent;
But came, and miſt it one ill-fated hour.
He rag'd! he roar'd! "what *Dæmon* cropt my flower?
Serene, quoth *Adam*, "lo! 'twas cruſht by me;
"Fall'n is the *Baal* to which thou bow'dſt thy knee"
"But all men want *amuſement*, and what crime
"In ſuch a Paradiſe to fool their time?"
None; but why proud of this? to Fame they ſoar?
We grant *they're Idle*, If they'll ask no more.
We ſmile at Floriſts, we deſpiſe their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy;
But are thoſe wiſer whom we moſt admire,
Survey with envy, and purſue with fire?
What's he, who ſighs for wealth, or Fame, or Power?
Another *Florio* doting on a flower,
A ſhort-liv'd flower, and which has often ſprung
From ſordid arts, as *Florio*'s, out of dung.

With what, O *Codrus!* is thy fancy ſmit?
The *flower* of Learning, and the *bloom* of Wit.

Thy gawdy ſhelves with crimſon Bindings glow,
And *Epictetus* is a perfect Beau.
How fit for thee bound up in crimſon too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That Science ſhould be purchac'd by the yard,
And *Tonſon*, turn'd Upholſterer, ſend home
The gilded Leather to *fit up* thy room.
If not to ſome peculiar end aſſign'd,
Study's the ſpecious trifling of the mind;
Or is at beſt a ſecondary aim,
A chace for *ſport* alone, and not for *game*;
If ſo, ſure they who the meer *volume* prize,
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.
On buying books *Lorenzo* long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent,
His Farms were flown; when lo! a Sale comes on,
A choice Collection! what is to be done?
He ſells his *laſt*; for he the whole will buy;
Sells even his houſe, nay wants whereon to lye;
So high the generous ardor of the man
For *Romans*, *Greeks*, and *Orientals* ran.
To make the purchaſe, he gives all his ſtore
Except one darling Diamond that he wore.

For what a miſtreſs gave, 'tis death to pawn,
Yet when the terms were fixt, and writings drawn;
The ſight ſo raviſh'd him, he gave the Clerk
Love's ſacred pledge, and ſign'd them with his mark:
Unlearned men of books aſſume the care,
As Eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.
Not in his authors' *liveries* alone
Is *Codrus*' Erudite ambition ſhown?
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what *Codrus* would be *thought*;
And, to this coſt, another muſt ſucceed,
To pay a Sage, who *ſays* that he can read,
Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has ſeen;
But leaves to —— what lies between:
Of pompous books who ſhuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their *ſenſe*.
O *Lumley* whoſe Accompliſhments make good
The *promiſe* of a long-illuſtrious Blood,
In *arts*, and *manners* eminently grac'd,
The ſtricteſt *honour!* and the fineſt *taſte!*
Accept this verſe; if Satire can agree
With ſo conſummate an *humanity*.
But know, my Lord, if you reſent the wrong,
That on Candour I obtrude my Song;

'Tis Satire's juſt revenge on that fair name,
Which all their malice cannot make her theme.

By your example would *Hilario* mend,
How would it grace the talents of my Friend,
Who with the charms of his own genius ſmit,
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in Wit?
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For though he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.
In time he'll learn to *uſe*, not *waſte* his ſenſe,
Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
His brisk attack on *blockheads* we ſhould prize,
Were not his jeſt as flippant with the *wiſe*.
He ſpares nor friend, nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like *Dooms-day*, all the faults of all mankind.

What tho' *wit* tickles? tickling is unſafe,
If ſtill 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
Who, for the poor renown of being *ſmart*,
Would leave a ſting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd;
Then draw your *wit* as ſeldom as your *ſword*,
And never on the *weak*; or you'll appear
As *there* no Hero, no great Genius *here*.

As in ſmooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
So *wit* is by *politeneſs* ſharpeſt ſet,
Their want of edge from their *offence* is ſeen;
Both pain us leaſt when exquiſitely keen.
The *fame* men give is for the *joy* they find;
Dull is the jeſter, when the joke's *unkind.*
Since *Marcus*, doubtleſs, thinks himſelf a Wit,
To pay my compliment what place ſo fit?
His moſt facetious * letters came to hand,
Which my firſt Satire ſweetly reprimand.
If that a *juſt* offence to *Marcus* gave,
Say, *Marcus*, which, art thou a *fool*, or *knave?*
For all but ſuch with caution I forbore;
That thou waſt either, I ne'er knew before.
I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*;
No mask ſo good, but *Marcus* muſt ſhine through;
Falſe names are vain, thy Lines their author tell,
Thy beſt concealment had been writing *well*;
But thou a brave neglect of *Fame* haſt ſhown,
Of *others'* fame, great Genius! and thy *own.*
Write on unheeded, and this maxim know;
The Man who *pardons*, *diſappoints* his foe.

* *Letters ſent to the author, ſign'd* Marcus.

In malice to *proud wits*, ſome proudly lull
Their *peeviſh* reaſon, *vain* of being Dull;
When ſome home joke has ſtung their *ſolemn* ſouls,
In vengeance they determine——to be *fools*;
Thro' ſpleen, that *little* nature gave, make *leſs*,
Quite zealous in the ways of *heavineſs*;
To *lumps* inanimate a fondneſs take,
And diſinherit ſons that are *awake*.
Theſe, when their utmoſt venom they would ſpit,
Moſt barbarouſly tell you——"*he's a wit.*"
Poor *Negroes*, thus, to ſhew their burning ſpite
To Cacodæmons, ſay, they're *dev'liſh white*.
Lampridius from the bottom of his breaſt
Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the reſt.
How juſt his *grief?* one carries in his head
A leſs proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger, without ſpecial grace,
To riſe above a Juſtice of the Peace.
The *dunghil-breed* of men a *Diamond* ſcorn,
And feel a paſſion for a *grain of corn*,
Some ſtupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,

Who with *much* pains exerting *all* his ſenſe,
Can range aright his ſhillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby-father craves a booby-ſon,
And by Heav'n's *bleſſing* thinks himſelf *undone*.
Wants of all kinds are made to Fame a plea,
One learns to *liſp*, another *not* to ſee;
Miſs *D*——— tottering catches at your hand.
Was ever thing ſo pretty born to ſtand?
Whilſt theſe what nature gave diſown thro' Pride,
Others affect what nature has deny'd;
What nature has deny'd fools will purſue,
As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.

Craſſus a grateful ſage, our awe, and ſport!
Supports grave forms, for forms the ſage ſupport;
He hems, and cries with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"
Then quotes the *Stagyrite* to prove it true,
And adds, "The learn'd delight in ſomething *new*."
Is't not enough the blockhead ſcarce can read,
But muſt he *wiſely* look, and *gravely* plead?
As for a *formaliſt* from *wiſdom* ſits
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

Nay

Nay of true wiſdom there too much may be,
The generous mind delights in being free;
Your men of parts an over-care deſpiſe;
Dull rogues have naught to do but to be wiſe.
Horace has ſaid, and that decides the caſe,
'Tis ſweet to *trifle* in a proper *place*.
Yet ſubtle wights (ſo blind are mortal men,
Tho' Satire *couch* them with her keeneſt pen)
For ever will hang out a ſolemn face,
To put off *nonſenſe* with a better grace;
As Pedlars with ſome Hero's head make bold,
Illuſtrious mark! where *pins* are to be ſold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The *body*'s wiſdom to conceal the mind.
A man of ſenſe can *artifice* diſdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a *ſot*.
I find the *fool*, when I behold the *skreen*;
For 'tis the wiſe man's intereſt to be *ſeen*.
Hence, *Scarborough*, that openneſs of heart,
And juſt diſdain for that poor *mimic*, Art;
Hence (manly praiſe!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend in thee.

With

With generous ſcorn how oft haſt thou ſurvey'd
Of *court*, and *town* the noon-tide Maſquerade,
Where ſwarms of *knaves* the Vizor quite diſgrace,
And hide ſecure behind a *naked face?*
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;
Where generous hearts the greateſt hazard run,
And he who truſts a *brother* is undone?
My Brother ſwore it, therefore it *is true*;
O ſtrange induction! and at Court quite new.
As well thou might'ſt aver, thou ſimple Swain,
"'Tis *juſt*, and therefore I my cauſe ſhall gain,"
With ſuch odd Maxims to thy Flocks retreat,
Nor furniſh mirth for Miniſters of State.

Some Maſter-Spirits far beyond the throng
Refin'd in ill; more rightly bent on wrong,
With exquiſite Diſcernment play their game,
More nice of Conduct, and more fair of Fame.
The neatly Injur'd thinks his thanks are due,
Robb'd of his Right, and good Opinion too:
Falſe Honour, pride's firſt-born, this clap controls,
Who wiſely part with nothing but their Souls.
Albertus hugs himſelf in raviſh't Thought
To find a Peerage is ſo cheaply bought.

Theſe all their care expend on outward ſhow
For Wealth, and fame; for Fame alone, the *Beau*.
Of late at *White*'s was young *Florello* ſeen,
How blank his look? how diſcompos'd his mien?
So hard it proves in grief ſincere to feign!
Sunk were his Spirits; for his coat was *plain*.
Next day his breaſt regain'd its wonted peace,
His health was mended with a *ſilver lace*.
A curious artiſt long inur'd to toils
Of gentler ſort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by ſome God inſpir'd,
So toucht his *curls*, his mighty ſoul was fir'd.
The well-ſwoln Ties an equal homage claim,
And either ſhoulder has its ſhare of Fame;
His ſumptuous *watch-caſe*, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good *conſcience*, ſolid joy ſupplies.
He only thinks himſelf (ſo far from vain!)
Stanhope in wit, in breeding, *Deloraine*.
Whene'er by ſeeming chance he throws his eye
On mirrors fluſhing with his *Tyrian* dye,
With how ſublime a tranſport leaps his heart?
But Fate ordains that deareſt friends muſt part.

In active meaſures brought from *France*, he wheels,
And triumphs conſcious of his learned *heels*.
So have I ſeen on ſome bright ſummer's day
A Calf of genius debonnair, and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inſpir'd by Fame,
Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the ſtream.

Moroſe is ſunk with ſhame, whene'er ſurpriz'd
In Linen clean, or Peruke undiſguis'd.
No ſublunary chance his veſtments fear,
Valu'd like Leopards, as their *ſpots* appear.
A fam'd Sur-tout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his foot ſwims in a capacious ſhoe.
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barbarous *needle* at his Fame;
But open force was vain; by night ſhe went,
And, while he ſlept, ſurpriz'd the darling *rent*;
Where yawn'd the Frize is now become a doubt,
*And Glory at one entrance quite ſhut out.**
He ſcorns *Florello*, and *Florello* him,
This hates the *filthy* creature, that the *prim*;
Thus in each other both theſe fools deſpiſe
Their own dear ſelves, with undiſcerning eyes;

* *Milton.*

Their

Their methods various, but alike their aim:
The *ſloven*, and the *fopling* are the ſame.
Ye Whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,
When Party-rage too warmly you purſue;
Then both club nonſenſe, and impetuous pride,
And *folly* joins whom *ſentiments* divide.
You vent your ſpleen as monkeys, when they paſs,
Scratch at the Mimick-monkey in the glaſs,
While both are *one*; and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both ſides ſhall ſtand for fools alone.
"But who art thou?" methinks *Florello* cries.
"Of all thy ſpecies art thou only wiſe?"
Since ſmalleſt things can give our ſins a twitch,
As croſſing ſtraws retard a paſſing Witch,
Florello, thou my monitor ſhall be;
I'll *conjure* thus ſome profit out of *Thee*.
O thou myſelf! abroad our counſels roam,
And, like ill huſbands, take no care at home.
Come from thyſelf, and a By-ſtander be,
With others eyes, thy own Deportment ſee;
And while their ails, thou doſt with pity view,
Conceive, hard task, that thou art mortal too.
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart;

And

And what wiſe means to gain it haſt thou choſe?
Know, *Fame*, and *Fortune* both are made of Proſe.
Is thy ambition ſweating for a *rhyme*,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
This noon of life? the Seaſons mend their pace,
And with a nimbler ſtep the Seaſons chaſe;
While I a moment name, a moment's paſt;
I'm nearer death in *this* verſe than the *laſt*;
What then is to be done? be wiſe with ſpeed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what ſo fooliſh as the chace of Fame?
How vain the prize? how impotent our aim?
For what are Men who graſp at praiſe ſublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid ſtream of Time,
That riſe, and fall, that ſwell, and are no more,
Born, and *forgot*, ten thouſand in an hour.
Should this verſe live, O *Lumley*! may it be
A monument of Gratitude to thee;
Whoſe early favour I muſt own with ſhame,
So long my Patron, and ſo late my Theme.

LOVE of FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE III.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Mr. *DODINGTON.*

——— *Tanto major Famæ ſitis eſt, quàm Virtutis.* Juv. Sat. 10.

SATIRE III.

LONG, *Dodington*, in debt, I long have ſought
To eaſe the burden of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you ſee,
Grant him *two* favours, and he'll aſk for *three*;
For whoſe the preſent glory, or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthleſs ſtrain.
You love, and feel the poet's ſacred flame,
And know the baſis of a ſolid fame;
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the *malice* of a *friend*;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But more to raiſe my verſe, *conceal* your own.

An ill-tim'd modeſty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted *Britain* bright examples more?
Her *Learning*, and her *Genius* too decays,
And *dark*, and *cold* are her declining days;
As if men now were of another caſt,
They meanly live *on alms* of ages paſt.
Men ſtill are men, and they, who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the ſons of cold Deſpair;
Or, if they fail, they juſtly ſtill take place
Of ſuch, who *run in debt* for their diſgrace:
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with *improvements* of their own.
We bring ſome new materials, and what's old
New-caſt with care, and in no *borrow'd* mold;
Late times the verſe may read, if theſe refuſe,
And from four Critics vindicate the muſe.

"Your work is long," the Critics cry: 'tis true,
And lengthens ſtill, to take in fools like you;
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame,
For, grow but wiſe, you rob me of my game;
As hunted *hags*, who, while the dogs purſue,
Renounce their four legs, and ſtart up on two.

Like

Like the bold bird upon the banks of *Nile*,
That picks the teeth of the dire *Crocodile*,
Will I enjoy (dread feaſt !) the Critic's rage,
And with the fell *deſtroyer* feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame
Than thoſe, who thunder in the Critic's name ?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
To ſee what wretches gain the praiſe they miſs.
Balbutius muffled in his ſable cloke,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens ſolemn, and as *boading*, cries,
Ten thouſand worlds for the Three Unities!
Ye Doctors ſage, who thro' *Parnaſſus* teach,
Or quit the tub, or practiſe what you preach.
One judges, as the *weather* dictates, right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night;
Another judges by a ſurer gage,
An author's *principles*, or *parentage*;
Since his great anceſtors in *Flanders* fell,
The poem, doubtleſs, muſt be written well.
Another judges by the writer's *look*;
Another judges, for he *bought the book*;
Some judge, their knack of *judging-wrong* to keep;
Some judge, becauſe it is too ſoon to *ſleep*.

Thus all will judge, and with one ſingle aim,
To gain themſelves, not give the Writer fame.
The very Beſt *ambitiouſly* adviſe,
Half to ſerve you, and half to paſs for wiſe;
None are at leiſure others to reward;
They ſcarce will *damn*, but out of ſelf-regard.
Critics on verſe, as *ſquibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the ſtate;
Hot, envious, noiſy, proud, the ſcribling fry
Burn, hiſs, and bounce, waſte paper, ſtink and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verſe can crown
Than *Compton*'s ſmile, and your obliging frown?

Not all on *books* their Criticiſm waſte;
The genius of a *diſh* ſome juſtly taſte,
And *eat* their way to *fame!* with anxious thought
The *ſalmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.
Impatient art rebukes the ſun's delay,
And bids *December* yield the fruits of *May*.
Their various cares in one great point combine,
The buſineſs of their lives, that is——*to dine*,
Half of their precious day they give the *feaſt*,
And, to a kind *digeſtion*, ſpare the reſt.

Apicius,

Apicius, here, the taſter of the town,
Feeds twice a-week, to ſettle their renown.
Theſe worthies of the palate guard with care
The ſacred annals of their *bills of fare*,
In thoſe choice books their *panegyricks* read,
And ſcorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed,
If man by *feeding well* commences *great*,
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.

To glory ſome advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and *pilferers* of fame!
Their front ſupplies what their ambition lacks,
They know a thouſand lords *behind their backs*.
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And *Hervey*'s eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom ſhe ne'er was ſeen.
Niger adopts ſtray libels, wiſely prone
To covet ſhame, ſtill greater than his own.
Bathyllus in the winter of threeſcore
Belies his Innocence, and keeps a whore.
Abſence of mind *Brabantio* turns to fame,
Learns to *miſtake*, nor knows his brother's name,

Has words, and thoughts in nice *diſorder* ſet,
And takes a memorandum to *forget*.
Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns, or blots,
Men *forge the Patents*, that create them ſots.

As love of pleaſure into pain betrays,
So moſt grow infamous thro' love of praiſe.
But whence for praiſe can ſuch an ardor riſe,
When thoſe, who bring that incenſe, we deſpiſe?
For ſuch the vanity of great, and ſmall,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can even Satire blame them, for 'tis true
They moſt have ample cauſe for what they do.
O! fruitful *Britain!* doubtleſs thou waſt meant
A nurſe of *fools* to ſtock the Continent.
Tho' *Phœbus*, and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the ſcythe will grow,
The plenteous harveſt calls me forward ſtill,
Till I ſurpaſs in length my Lawyer's bill,
A *Welch* deſcent, which well-paid Heralds damn,
Or, longer ſtill, a *Dutchman*'s Epigram.
When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a Coxcomb, and I write agen.

See! *Tityrus* with merriment poſſeſt,
Is burſt with laughter, e'er he hears the jeſt;
What need he ſtay? for when the joke is o'er,
His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.
Is there of *theſe*, ye fair! ſo great a dearth,
That you need purchaſe *monkeys* for your mirth?

Some vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire,
Of *houſes* ſome, nay houſes that they *hire*;
Some (perfect wiſdom!) of a beauteous *wife*,
And boaſt, like Cordeliers, a ſcourge for life.

Sometimes, thro' pride, the Sexes change their airs,
My Lord *has vapours*, and my Lady *ſwears*;
Then (ſtranger ſtill!) on turning of the wind,
My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.

To ſhew the ſtrength, and infamy of *pride*,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there, which at once purſue
Praiſe, and the glory to contemn it, too?
Vincenna knows *ſelf-praiſe* betrays to *ſhame*,
And therefore lays a ſtratagem for Fame;

Makes his approach in modeſty's diſguiſe
To win applauſe, and takes it by ſurpriſe,
" To err, ſays he, in ſmall things is my fate."
You know your anſwer, *he's exact in great.*
" My *ſtyle*, ſays he, is rude, and full of faults,"
But O! what Senſe? what energy of Thoughts?
That he wants Algebra he muſt confeſs.
But not a ſoul to give our arms ſucceſs.
" Ah! that's a hit indeed, *Vincenna* cries;
" But who in heat of blood was ever wiſe?
" I own 'twas wrong, when thouſands call'd me back,
" To make that hopeleſs, ill-adviſ'd attack;
" All ſay 'twas madneſs, nor dare I deny;
" Sure never fool ſo well deſerv'd to die."
Could this deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, *Vincenna*, cou'd deceive in *thee*,
Whoſe conduct is a comment to thy tongue
So clear, the dulleſt cannot take thee wrong.
Thou in *one ſuit* wilt thy *revenue* wear,
And haunt the Court, without a *proſpect* there.
Are theſe expedients for Renown? confeſs
Thy *little ſelf*, that I may ſcorn thee leſs.
Be wiſe, *Vincenna*, and the court forſake,
Our fortunes there nor *thou*, nor *I* ſhall make.

Ev'n

Ev'n *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
In hardy ſervice make a long campaign,
Moſt manfully beſiege the patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the *great*
With painful art, and application warm,
And take at laſt ſome *little place* by ſtorm;
Enough to keep *two ſhoes* on *ſunday* clean,
And *ſtarve* upon diſcreetly in *Sheer-lane*.
Already *this* thy fortune can afford,
Then ſtarve without the *favour* of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes ſome great men confer;
But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:
From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come;
They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:
The man that's neareſt, *yawning* they advance.
'Tis *inhumanity* to *bleſs* by chance.
If *merit* ſues, and *greatneſs* is ſo loth
To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.

I grant at court, *Philander*, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
Of every charm, and virtue ſhe's poſſeſt.
Philander! thou art exquiſitely bleſt,

The publick envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found, who may be *juſtly* proud;
But, ſee! how ſickly is Ambition's taſte?
Ambition feeds on traſh, and loaths a feaſt;
For lo! *Philander*, of reproach afraid,
In *ſecret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.

Some nymphs ſell reputation, others buy,
And love a market, where the rates run high.
Italian muſick's ſweet, becauſe 'tis dear;
Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear*;
Their taſtes wou'd leſſen, if the prices fell,
And *Shakeſpear*'s wretched ſtuff do quite as well;
Away the diſinchanted fair would throng,
And *own*, that *Engliſh* is their mother-tongue.
To ſhew how much our Northern taſtes refine,
Imported nymphs our peereſſes out-ſhine;
While *tradeſmen* ſtarve theſe *Philomels* are gay;
For generous lords had rather *give*, than *pay*.
O laviſh land! for *ſound* at ſuch expence?
But then ſhe ſaves it in her bills for *ſenſe*.

Muſick I paſſionately love, 'tis plain,
Since for its ſake ſuch Dramas I ſuſtain.

An

An Opera, like a Pillory, may be ſaid
To nail our *ears* down, but expoſe our *head*.

Behold the Maſquerade's fantaſtick ſcene!
The *Ligiſlature* join'd with *Drury-lane!*
When *Britain* calls, the embroider'd Patriots run,
And ſerve their *country*———If the *dance* is done.
" Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtleſs, but firſt ſet your notions right.
Worth of *politeneſs* is the needful ground,
Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.
Triflers not ev'n in Trifles can excel;
'Tis *ſolid* bodies only *poliſh* well.
Great, choſen Prophet! for theſe latter days,
To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways,
Well, *Heideger*, doſt thou thy *maſter* ſerve;
Well has he ſeen his *ſervant* ſhou'd not ſtarve;
Thou to his name haſt ſplendid *temples* rais'd,
In various forms of *worſhip* ſeen him prais'd,
Gaudy devotion, like a *Roman*, ſhown,
And ſung ſweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.
Inferior off'rings to thy God of Vice
Are duly paid in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice*;

Thy ſacrifice ſupreme an *hundred maids!*
That ſolemn rite of midnight Maſquerades!
If maids the quite-exhauſted town denies,
An hundred head of *cuckolds* muſt ſuffice.
Thou ſmil'ſt, well-pleas'd with the converted land,
To ſee the *fifty churches* at a ſtand.
And, that thy miniſtry may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted ſtill prevail,
Of *minor prophets* a ſucceſſion ſure
The propagation of thy zeal ſecure.

See Commons, Peers, and Miniſters of State
In ſolemn council met, and deep debate!
What godlike enterprize is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applauſe the council rings!
Fixt is the fate of *whores*, and *fiddleſtrings!*

Tho' bold theſe truths, thou, Muſe, with truths, like theſe,
Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praiſe to pleaſe;
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like juſt *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.

How

How terrible it were to common ſenſe,
To write a *ſatire*, which gave none *offence!*
And, ſince from *life* I take the draughts you ſee,
If men diſlike them do they cenſure *me?*
On then, my muſe! and *fools* and *knaves* expoſe,
And, ſince thou canſt not make a *friend*, make foes,
The fool, and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend,
The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honeſt men* pay all.
How hard for real worth to gain its price?
A man ſhall make his fortune in a trice.
If bleſt with pliant, tho' but ſlender ſenſe,
Feign'd modeſty, and real impudence.
A ſupple knee, ſmooth tongue, an eaſy grace,
A curſe within, a ſmile upon his face,
A beauteous ſiſter, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life;
Genius, and *virtue* they will ſoon defeat,
And lodge you in the boſom of the *great*.
To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*
From mens refuſing what you ought to gain.

May, *Dodington*, this Maxim fail in you,
Whom my preſaging thoughts already view
By *Walpole*'s Conduct fir'd, and friendſhip grac'd,
Still higher in your Prince's favour plac'd;
And lending, *here*, thoſe awful Councils aid,
Which you, *abroad*, with ſuch ſucceſs obey'd;
Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendſhip dear;
What moſt we wiſh, with eaſe we fancy near.

LOVE

LOVE of FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE IV.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *SPENCER COMPTON.*

——— *Tanto major Famæ ſitis eſt, quàm Virtutis.* Juv. Sat. 10.

SATIRE. IV.

ROUND ſome fair tree th' ambitious *wood bine* grows,
And breathes her ſweets on the ſupporting boughs:
So ſweet the *verſe*, th' ambitious verſe, ſhould be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes ſupport from Thee,
Thee, *Compton*, born o'er Senates to preſide,
Their *dignity* to raiſe, their *councils* guide;
Deep to diſcern, and widely to ſurvey,
And Kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh;
Of diſtant Virtues nice extremes to blend,
The *crown*'s aſſerter, and the *people*'s Friend:
Nor doſt thou ſcorn, amid ſublimer views,
To liſten to the labours of the *Muſe*;
Thy Smiles *protect* her, while thy Talents *fire*,
And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inſpire*.

Vext

Vext at a publick fame ſo juſtly won,
The jealous *Chremes*, is with ſpleen undone.
Chremes, for airy penſions of *renown*,
Devotes his ſervice to the *ſtate*, and *crown*;
All ſchemes he knows, and knowing, all improves,
Tho' *Britain*'s thankleſs, ſtill *this patriot* loves;
But patriots differ, ſome may ſhed their blood,
He *drinks* his *coffee*, for the publick good;
Conſults the ſacred ſteam, and there foreſees
What ſtorms, or ſunſhine Providence decrees,
Knows for each day the *weather* of our fate:
A *Quid-nunc* is an *almanack* of ſtate.

You ſmile, and think *this* Stateſman void of uſe.
Why may not time his ſecret worth produce?
Since, *apes* can roſt the choice *caſtanian nut*,
Since *ſteeds* of genius are expert at *Put*,
Since half the Senate *not content* can ſay,
Geeſe nations ſave, and *puppies* plots betray.

What makes *him* model realms, and counſel Kings?
An incapacity for ſmaller things.
Poor *Chremes* can't conduct his *own eſtate*,
And thence has undertaken *Europe*'s fate.

Gehenna

Gehenno leaves the realm to *Chremes'* ſkill,
And boldly claims a province higher ſtill.
To raiſe a name, th' ambitious boy has got
At once a *bible*, and a *ſhoulder-knot*;
Deep in the ſecret he looks thro' the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that *ſaves his ſoul*;
To talk with reverence you muſt take good heed,
Nor ſhock his *tender reaſon* with the Creed.
Howe'er, well-bred, in publick he complies,
Obliging friends alone with *blaſphemies*.

Peerage is poiſon, good eſtates are bad
For this diſeaſe; poor rogues run ſeldom mad.
Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
And *falling ſtocks* quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the ſun ſhines *Blunt* talks with wond'rous force;
But thunder mars *ſmall beer*, and *weak diſcourſe*.
Such uſeful inſtruments the weather ſhow,
Juſt as their *Mercury* is high or low.

Health chiefly keeps an atheiſt in the dark;
A Fever argues better than a *Clarke*;
Let but the Logic in his *pulſe* decay,
The *Grecian* he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While *C*—— mourns with an unfeigned zeal
Th' apoſtate youth, who reaſon'd *once* ſo well.

C—— who makes ſo merry with the creed,
He almoſt thinks he disbelieves *indeed*;
But only thinks ſo; to give both their due,
Satan, and *he*, Believe, and Tremble too.
Of ſome for *Glory*, ſuch the boundleſs Rage,
That they're the blackeſt *ſcandal* of their age.

Narciſſus the *tartarian club* diſclaims,
Nay, a *free-maſon* with ſome terror names.
Omits no duty, nor can *Envy* ſay
He miſs'd theſe many Years the *church*, or *play*.
He makes no noiſe in *parliament*, 'tis true,
But pays his *debts*, and *viſit*, when 'tis due;
His *character*, and *gloves* are ever clean,
And then, he can outbow the *bowing Dean*;
A ſmile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wiſe, and worthleſs ſhares.
In gay fatigues this moſt undaunted Chief
Patient of *idleneſs* beyond belief,
Moſt charitably lends the town his *face*
For ornament, in ev'ry publick place;
As ſure, as *cards*, he to the *aſſembly* comes,
And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms.

When *Ombre* calls, his hand, and heart are free,
And, join'd to Two, he fails not—to make Three.
Narciſſus is the glory of his race;
For who does *nothing* with a better grace?

To deck my Liſt, by nature were deſign'd
Such ſhining *expletives* of human kind,
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Senſe to be right, and *paſſion* to be wrong.

To counterpoiſe this Hero of the *mode*,
Some for renown are *ſingular*, and *odd*;
What other men diſlike is ſure to pleaſe.
Of all mankind theſe dear *antipodes*;
Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter ſtill,
And *birth-days* are their days of dreſſing *ill*.
Arbuthnot is a fool, and *F*——— a ſage,
S———*ly* will fright you, *E*——— engage,
By nature ſtreams run backward, flame deſcends,
Stones mount, and *S*——*x* is the worſt of friends.

They take their reſt by *day*, and wake by *night*,
And bluſh, if you ſurpriſe them in the *right*,
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
A ſwan is white, or *Queensberry* is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool *in* faſhion, but a fool that's *out*;

His paſſion for adſurdity's ſo ſtrong,
He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong.
Tho' wrong the mode, comply; more ſenſe is ſhewn
In wearing *others'* follies than your *own.*
If what is out of faſhion moſt you prize,
Methinks you ſhould endeavour to be *wiſe.*

But what in oddneſs can be more ſublime
Than *S*——, the foremoſt *toyman* of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich *ſhell* inhances,
And *Aſhmole*'s Baby-houſe is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich *Peru!*
How his eyes languiſh? how his thoughts adore
That painted coat which *Joſeph* never wore?
He ſhews on *holidays* a ſacred pin,
That touch't the ruff, that toucht Queen *Beſs*'s chin.
" Since that great *dearth* our Chronicles deplore,
" Since the great *plague* that ſwept as many more,
" Was ever year unbleſt as *this?*" he'll cry,
" It has not brought us one new *butterfly!*
In times that ſuffer ſuch learn'd men as *theſe,*
Unhappy *I*——*y!* how came you to pleaſe?

Not

Not gaudy butterflies are *Lico*'s game;
But, in effect, his chace is much the ſame.
Warm in purſuit, he *levées* all the great,
Stanch to the foot of *title*, and *eſtate*.
Where-e'er their *Lordſhips* go, they never find,
Or *Lico*, or their *Shadows* lag behind:
He *ſets* them ſure, where-e'er their *Lordſhips* run,
Cloſe at their elbows, as a *morning-dun*;
As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,
And *fame* was, like a *fever*, to be caught:
But after ſeven years dance from place to place,
The * *Dane* is more familiar with his Grace.
Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;
Or living *pendant*, dangling at his ear,
For ever whiſp'ring ſecrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, thro' the town?
Who'd be a *glaſs*, with flatt'ring grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy *pin* to ſtick upon his ſleeve,
When my Lord's gracious, and vouchſafes it leave;
Or *cuſhion*, when his heavineſs ſhall pleaſe
To loll, or *thump* it for his better eaſe;

* *A* Daniſh *Dog*.

Or

Or a vile *butt*, for noon or night beſpoke,
When the peer *raſhly* ſwears he'll club his joke?
Who'd ſhake with laughter, tho' he cou'd not find
His Lordſhip's jeſt; or, if his noſe broke wind,
For bleſſings to the Gods profoundly bow,
That can cry *chimney-ſweep*, or drive a *plough*?
With terms like theſe how mean the Tribe that *cloſe*?
Scarce meaner They, who terms, like theſe, *impoſe*.

But what's the tribe moſt likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors lye;
The writing tribe, who ſhameleſs *auctions* hold
Of praiſe, by inch of candle to be ſold.
All men they flatter, but themſelves the moſt
With deathleſs fame, their everlaſting boaſt:
For fame no cully makes ſo much her jeſt,
As her old, conſtant ſpark, the bard profeſt.
" *Boyle* ſhines in council, *Mordaunt* in the fight,
" *Pelham*'s magnificent; but I can write,
" And what to my great Soul like glory dear? "
'Till ſome God whiſpers in his tingling ear,
That *fame*'s unwholſome taken without *meat*,
And life is beſt ſuſtain'd by what is *eat*;

Grown

Grown *lean*, and *wiſe*, he curſes what he writ,
And wiſhes all his wants were in his *wit*.
Ah! what avails it, when his *dinner*'s loſt,
That his triumphant name adorns a *poſt*?
Or that his ſhining page, (provoking fate!)
Defends Sirloins, which ſons of dulneſs *eat*?
What foe to verſe without compaſſion hears?
What cruel *proſe-man* can refrain from tears?
When the poor muſe, for leſs than half a crown,
A *proſtitute* on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, tho' *not* in print,
Clubs *credit* for *Geneva* in the *Mint*?
Ye bards! why will you ſing, tho' uninſpir'd?
Ye bards! why will you *ſtarve*, to be *admir'd*?
Defunct by *Phœbus*' laws, beyond redreſs,
Why will your *ſpectreſs* haunt the frighted preſs?
Bad metre, that *excreſſence* of the head,
Like *hair*, will ſprout, altho' the poet's *dead*.
All other trades*dem and*, Verſe-makers *beg*;
A Dedication is a *wooden leg*;
And barren *Labeo*, the true *mumper*'s faſhion,
Expoſes *borrow'd brats* to move *compaſſion*.
Tho' ſuch *myſelf*, vile bards I diſcommend,
Nay more, tho' gentle *Damon* is my *friend*.

" Is't

" Is't then a crime to *write?* ——if talents rare
Proclaim the God, the crime is to *forbear*;
For ſome, tho' few, there are large-minded men,
Who watch unſeen the labours of the pen,
Who know the muſe's worth, and therefore court
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her ſupport,
Who ſerve, *unaſk'd*, the *leaſt pretence* to wit;
My ſole excuſe, alas! for having writ.
Will *Harcourt* pardon, if I dare commend
Harcourt, with zeal a patron, and a friend?
Argyle true wit is ſtudious to reſtore;
And *Dorſet* ſmiles, if *Phœbus* ſmil'd before.
Pembroke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And *Henrietta* like a muſe inſpires.

But ah! not *inſpiration* can obtain
That Fame, which poets languiſh for in vain.
How mad their aim? who thirſt for glory, ſtrive
To graſp, what no man can poſſeſs *alive*.
Fame's a *reverſion* in which men take place
(O late reverſion!) at their own deceaſe.
This truth ſagacious *Lintot* knows ſo well,
He *ſtarves* his authors, that their works may *ſell*.

That

That *fame* is *wealth*, fantaſtick poets cry;
That *wealth* is *fame*, another Clan reply,
Who know no guilt, no ſcandal but in *rags*;
And *ſwell* in juſt proportion to their *bags*.
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old
Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold*,
The firſt young lord, which in the Mall you meet,
Shall match the verieſt Hunks in *Lombard-ſtreet*,
From reſcu'd candles' ends who rais'd a ſum,
And ſtarves to join a *Penny* to a *Plumb*.
A *beardleſs* miſer? 'tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a ſcandal *all* our own.
Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
Will mortgage *Celia* to redeem their *land*.
For love, young, noble, rich *Caſtalio* dies;
Name but the fair, love ſwells into his eyes.
Divine *Monimia*, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail, but——*half a crown*.
He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made*.
Not ſuch ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When *Harry* conquer'd, and half *France* expir'd.
He'd be a ſlave, a pimp, a dog for gain,
Nay, a *dull Sheriff* for his *golden chain*.

" Who'd be a ſlave ? " the gallant Colonel cries,
While love of glory ſparkles from his eyes.
To deathleſs fame he loudly pleads his right, ——
Juſt is his title, for I will not *fight* :
All Soldiers *valeur*, all Divines have *grace*,
As Maids of honour *beauty*, ——by their *place*.
But when indulging on the laſt campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of ſlain,
He gives the foes he ſlew, at each vain word,
A ſweet *revenge*, and *half-abſolves* his ſword.
Of *boaſting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
A *ſoldier* ſhould be modeſt, as a *maid* :
Fame is a bubble the Reſerv'd enjoy,
Who ſtrive to graſp it, as they *touch*, *deſtroy* :
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree ;
But if you pay yourſelf, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to ſpeak them but his own,
Auguſtus' Deeds in arms had ne'er been known,
Auguſtus' Deeds ; if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and miſguides his aim,
Such is the Prince's worth, of whom I ſpeak,
The *Roman* would not bluſh at the miſtake.

LOVE of FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE V.

On *WOMEN.*

O faireſt of Creation! laſt and beſt
Of all God's *Works! Creature, in whom excell'd*
Whatever can to ſight, or thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!
How art thou loſt! ——————— MILTON.

SATIRE V.

NOR reigns *Ambition* in bold *man* alone;
Soft *female* hearts the rude Invader own.
But, *there* indeed, it deals in nicer things
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings*.
Attend, and you diſcern it in the Fair
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair*;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye*;
Or in full joy elaborate a *ſigh*.

The Sex we honour, tho' their faults we blame;
Nay thank their faults for ſuch a *fruitful* theme.
A theme, fair——! doubly kind to me,
Since ſatarizing *thoſe*, is praiſing thee;
Who would'ſt not bear, too modeſtly refin'd,
A panegyrick of a groſſer kind.

Britannia's Daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,
Too fond of Admiration, loſe their price;
Worn in the publick eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarniſh to the ſated ſight.
As unreſerv'd, and beauteous, as the Sun,
Thro' every *Sign* of Vanity they run;
Aſſemblies, *Parks*, coarſe feaſts in *city-halls*,
Lectures and *trials*, *plays*, *committees*, *balls*,
Wells, *Bedlams*, *executions*, *Smithfield*-ſcenes,
And *fortune-tellers* caves, and *lions* dens,
Taverns, *Exchanges*, *Bridewells*, *drawing-rooms*,
Inſtalments, *pillories*, *coronations*, *tombs*,
Tumblers, and *funerals*, *puppet-ſhews*, *reviews*,
Sales, *races*, *rabbets*, (and ſtill ſtranger!) *pews*.

Clarinda's boſom burns, but burns for *Fame*;
And love lies vanquiſht in a *nobler* flame;
Warm gleams of hope ſhe, *now*, diſpenſes; then,
Like *April*-Suns, dives into clouds agen.
With all her luſtre, *now*, her lover warms;
Then, out of *oſtentation*, hides her charms.
'Tis next, her pleaſure ſweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a ſudden pain;

Then,

Then, ſhe ſtarts up all ecſtacy, and bliſs,
And is, ſweet Soul! juſt as ſincere in this.
O how ſhe rolls her charming eyes in *ſpite!*
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But like *our* Heroes, much more brave, than wiſe,
She conquers for the triumph, not the *prize.*

Zara reſembles *Ætna* crown'd with ſnows;
Without ſhe freezes, and within ſhe glows;
Twice ere the ſun deſcends, with zeal inſpir'd,
From the vain converſe of the world retir'd,
She reads the *pſalms*, and *chapters* for the day
In ——— *Cleopatra*, or the laſt new play.
Thus gloomy *Zara* with a ſolemn grace
Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her *face.*

Nor far beneath her in *renown* is ſhe
Who, thro' good-breeding, is ill-company.
Whoſe *Manners* will not let her larum ceaſe,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when *at peace.*
To find you *news* who racks her ſubtile head,
And vows—*That her great grandfather is dead.*

A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear,
But 'tis a taſk indeed to learn———*to hear.*

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And vows—*That her great grandfather is dead.*

A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear,
But 'tis a taſk indeed to learn———*to hear.*

In that the skill of converſation lies.
That *ſhows*, or *makes* you both polite, and wiſe.

Zantippe cries " let Nymphs who nought cay ſay,
" Be loſt in ſilence, and reſign the day:
" And let the guilty wife her guilt confeſs
" By tame behaviour, and a ſoft addreſs."
Thro' *virtue*, *ſhe* refuſes to comply
With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Thro' wiſdom, *ſhe* refuſes to ſubmit
To wiſdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*:
Then, her unblemiſht honour to maintain,
Rejects her Huſband's kindneſs with diſdain.
But if by chance an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary Lord,
Her darling China in a whirlwind ſent
Juſt *intimates* the Lady's diſcontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekeſt dame,
But keen *Zantippe* ſcorning *borrow'd* flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel*, and compoſing *tea*.
Nor reſts by night, but more ſincere than nice,
She *ſhakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice.

Doubly

Doubly like Eccho, *ſound* is her delight,
And the *laſt word* is her eternal right.
Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines riſe
To laſh our crimes, but muſt our wives be *wiſe?*
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong;
What *black*, what *ceaſeleſs* cares beſiege our ſtate?
What ſtrokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate?*
If fate forbears us, fancy ſtrikes the blow,
We *make* misfortune, *Suicides* in woe.
Superfluous aid! unneceſſary skill?
Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill?
How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight* bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with ſolemn knell,
On *folly*'s errands, as we vainly roam, [home?
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from
Men drop ſo faſt, ere life's mid ſtage we tread,
Few know ſo many friends *alive*, as *dead.*
Yet, as *immortal*, in our uphill chace
We preſs coy fortune with unſlacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the *toys* we ſeek,
Join night to day, and ſunday to the week.
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between *ſatiety* and *fierce deſire.*

Now what reward for all this grief, and toil?
But *one*; a female friend's endearing ſmile;
A tender ſmile, our ſorrow's only balm,
And, in life's tempeſt, the ſad ſailor's calm.
How have I ſeen a gentle Nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, perſuaſion in her eye;
Victorious tenderneſs! it all o'ercame,
Husbands look'd mild, and *ſavages* grew tame.

The *Sylvan* race our active Nymphs purſue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods, and fields their Glory they compleat,
There *Maſter Betty* leaps a five-barr'd Gate;
While fair *Miſs Charles* to Toilets is confin'd,
Nor raſhly tempts the barbarous ſun, and wind.
Some Nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from *hunters* to the *manag'd Steed*;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And *Febert* has the forming of the *fair*.
More than *one* ſteed muſt *Delia*'s empire feel,
Who ſits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;
And as ſhe guides it thro' th' admiring throng,
With what an air ſhe ſmacks the *ſilken* thong?

Graceful,

Graceful, as *John*, ſhe moderates the reins,
And whiſtles ſweet her *diuretic* ſtrains.
Seſoſtris-like, ſuch Charioteers as *theſe*
May drive ſix harneſt *monarchs*, if they pleaſe.
They *drive*, *row*, *run*, with love of Glory ſmit,
Leap, *ſwim*, *ſhoot-flying*, and pronounce on *wit*.

O'er the *Belle-lettre* lovely *Daphne* reigns,
Again the God *Apollo* wears her chains.
With legs toſt high on her Sophee ſhe ſits,
Vouchſafing audience to contending Wits;
Of each performance ſhe's the final teſt;
One Act read o'er, ſhe propheſies the reſt;
And then pronouncing with deciſive air
Fully convinces all the town——*ſhe's fair*.
Had lovely *Daphne Hecateſſa*'s face,
How would her elegance of taſte decreaſe?
Some Ladies *judgement*, in their *features*, lies,
And all their *Genius* ſparkles from their *eyes*.
But hold, ſhe cries, Lampooner! have a care:
Muſt I want common ſenſe, becauſe I'm fair?
O no: ſee *Stella*, her *Eyes* ſhine as bright,
As if her tongue was never in the right;

And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She ſeems inſpir'd, and can herſelf inſpire;
How then, (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could *Daphne* publiſh, and could ſhe forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to *ſenſe*,
Nor is't a ſanction for *impertinence*.

Sempronia lik'd her man, and well ſhe might,
The youth in perſon, and in parts was bright;
Poſſeſt of every virtue, grace, and art,
That claims juſt empire o'er the female Heart.
He met her paſſion, all her ſighs return'd,
And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd.
Large his poſſeſſions, and beyond her own:
Their bliſs the theme, and envy of the town.
The day was fix't; when with one acre more
In ſtept deform'd, debauch'd, diſeas'd *threeſcore*.
The fatal ſequel I thro' ſhame forbear.
Of pride, and *av'rice* who can cure the Fair?

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true,
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Thoſe few wants anſwer'd bring ſincere delights,
But fools create themſelves new appetites.

Fancy,

Fancy, and Pride ſeek things at vaſt expence,
Which reliſh nor to *reaſon*, nor to *ſenſe*.
When *ſurfeit*, or *unthankfulneſs* deſtroys,
In *nature*'s narrow ſphere, our ſolid joys,
In *fancy*'s airy land of noiſe, and ſhow,
Where naught but dreams, no real pleaſures grow,
Like Cats in air-pumps, to ſubſiſt we ſtrive
On joys too thin to keep the Soul alive.

Lemira's ſick, make haſte, the Doctor call:
He comes: but where's his Patient? at the Ball.
The Doctor ſtares, her Woman curt'ſies low,
And cries, "my lady, Sir, is always ſo.
"Diverſions put her maladies to flight;
"True, ſhe can't *ſtand*, but ſhe can *dance* all night.
"I've known my lady (for ſhe loves a Tune)
"For *fevers* take an Opera in *June*,
"And tho' perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
"A midnight Park is ſov'reign for a *cold*.
"With *colicks*, breakfaſts of green fruit agree;
"With *indigeſtions*, ſupper juſt at three."
A ſtrange alternative! replies Sir *Hans*,
Muſt women have a *doctor*, or a *dance*?

Tho'

Tho' ſick to death, *abroad* they ſafely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home.*
For want——but not of health, are Ladies ill,
And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctors-bill.*

Alas! my heart, how languiſhingly fair
Yon Lady lolls? with what a tender air?
Pale as a young dramatic author, when
O'er darling lines fell *Cibber* waves his pen.
Is her Lord angry, or has * *Viny* chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
" Late ſitting up has turn'd her roſes white."
Why went ſhe not to bed? " becauſe 'twas *night:*"
Did ſhe then dance, or play? " nor this, nor that."
Well, night ſoon ſteals away in pleaſing chat.
" No, all alone, her *pray'rs* ſhe rather choſe,
" Than be that *wretch* to ſleep 'till morning roſe."
Then Lady *Cynthia*, Miſtreſs of the ſhade,
Goes, with the *faſhionable* Owls, to bed.
This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;
Her ſoul is ſilly, but her body's wiſe.

* *Lap-dog.*

Others

Others with curious arts dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.
You in the morning a *fair* nymph invite,
To keep her word a *brown* one comes at night;
Next day ſhe ſhines in gloſſy *black*, and then
Revolves into her native *red* agen.
Like a Dove's neck, ſhe ſhifts her tranſient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But *one* admirer has the painted laſs,
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glaſs.
Yet *Laura*'s beautiful to ſuch exceſs,
That all her *art* ſcarce makes her pleaſe *the leſs*:
To deck the female cheek *He* only knows,
Who paints leſs fair the *lilly*, and the *roſe*.

How gay *they* ſmile? ſuch bleſſings nature pours,
O'er-ſtockt mankind enjoy but half her ſtores;
In diſtant wilds, by human eyes unſeen,
She rears her flow'rs, and ſpreads her velvet green.
Pure gurgling rills the lonely deſart trace,
And *waſte* their muſick on the ſavage race.

Is *Nature* then a niggard of her bliſs?
Repine we *guiltleſs* in a world like this?
But our lewd taſtes her lawful charms refuſe,
And painted *Arts* deprav'd allurement chuſe.
Such *Fluvia*'s paſſion for the town; freſh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair:
Green fields, and ſhady groves, and cryſtal ſprings
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
But ſmoke, and duſt, and noiſe, and crowds, delight;
And to be preſt to death tranſports her quite.
Where ſilver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
And *woodbines* give their ſweets, and *limes* their ſhades,
Black kennels abſent *odours* ſhe regrets,
And ſtops her noſe at beds of Violets.
Is ſtormy life preferr'd to the ſerene?
Or is the public to the private Scene?
Retir'd, we tread a ſmooth, and open way;
Thro' briers, and brambles in the *world* we ſtray,
Stiff oppoſition, and *perplext* debate,
And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *ſtinging* hate,
Which choke our paſſage, our career control,
And wound the firmeſt temper of the ſoul.
O ſacred ſolitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!

By

By thy pure ſtream, or in thy waving ſhade,
We court fair Wiſdom, that celeſtial Maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are *innocence*, and *peace*.
There, from the ways of men lay'd ſafe aſhore,
We ſmile to hear the diſtant tempeſt roar;
There, bleſt with health, with buſineſs unperplext,
This life we reliſh, and enſure the *next*;
There too the *Muſes* ſport; theſe numbers free,
Pierian Eaſtbury! I owe to thee.

There ſport the *Muſes*; but not there alone:
Their ſacred force *Amelia* feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herſelf, *Amelia* weds a wit.
Both wits! tho' miracles are ſaid to ceaſe,
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth ſun a warm diſpute aroſe,
On *Durfey*'s poeſy, and *Bunyan*'s proſe.
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn' concluded the divorce.

Phœbe, tho' ſhe poſſeſſes nothing leſs,
Is proud of being rich in happineſs.

Laborioufly

Laborioufly purfues delufive toys,
Content with pains, fince they're reputed joys;
With what well-acted tranfport will fhe fay,
" Well fure, we were fo happy *yefterday!*
" And then that charming party for *to-morrow!*"
Tho' well fhe knows, 'twill languifh into forrow.
But fhe dares never boaft the *preſent* hour,
So grofs that cheat, it is beyond her pow'r.
For fuch is or our weakneſs, or our curſe,
Or rather fuch our crime, which ſtill is worſe,
The preſent moment like a Wife we fhun,
And ne'er enjoy, becauſe it is *our own.*

Pleaſures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleaſure, like *Quick-ſilver*, is *bright*, and *coy*;
We ſtrive to graſp it with our utmoſt skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters ſtill:
If feiz'd at laſt, compute your mighty gains,
What is it, but rank poiſon in your veins?

As *Flavia* in her glaſs an Angel ſpies,
Pride whiſpers in her ear pernicious lies;
Tells her, while ſhe ſurveys a face ſo fine,
There's no ſatiety of charms divine:

Hence,

Hence, if her Lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and ſhe melts (ſweet ſoul) in tears.
She fond and young, laſt week, her wiſh enjoy'd,
In ſoft amuſement all the night employ'd,
The morning came, when *Strephon* waking found
(Surprizing ſight !) his Bride in ſorrow drown'd.
'What miracle, ſays *Strephon*, makes thee weep?
'Ah barbarous man, ſhe cries, how cou'd you--*ſleep?*

Men love a *miſtreſs*, as they love a *feaſt*;
How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taſte?*
Yet ſure there is a certain time of day,
We wiſh our miſtreſs, and our meat away;
But ſoon the ſated appetites return,
Again our ſtomachs crave, our boſoms burn.
Eternal love let Man, then, never ſwear;
Let Women never *triumph*, nor *deſpair*.
Nor praiſe, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill;
Hunger, and love are foreign to the *will*.
There is indeed a paſſion more refin'd,
For thoſe few nymphs whoſe charms are of the mind.
But not of that unfaſhionable ſet
Is *Phillis: Phillis* and her *Damon* met.

Eternal love exactly hits her taſte;
Phillis demands eternal love at *leaſt*.
Embracing *Phillis* with ſoft-ſmiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the Swain replies,
But ſay, my *all!* my *miſtreſs*, and my *friend!*
What day next week th' *eternity* ſhall *end?*

Some Nymphs prefer *Aſtronomy* to *Love*;
Elope from mortal men, and range above.
The fair Philoſopher to *Rowley* flies,
Where in a *box* the whole Creation lies.
She ſees the Planets in their turns advance;
And ſcorns, *Poitier*, thy ſublunary dance.
Of *Deſagulier* ſhe beſpeaks freſh air,
And *Whiſton* has *engagements* with the fair.
What vain experiments *Sophronia* tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay Colonel dies,
But tho' to-day this rage of ſcience reigns,
(O fickle ſex!) ſoon end her learned pains.
Lo! *Pug* from *Jupiter* her heart has got,
Turns out the ſtars, and *Newton* is a ſot.
To———turn, ſhe never took the height
Of *Saturn*, yet is ever in the right,

She ſtrikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to ſight, and elegant to thought,
The *great* are vanquiſht, and the *wiſe* are taught.
Her breeding finiſht, and her temper ſweet,
When ſerious, eaſy; and when gay, diſcreet;
In glitt'ring ſcenes, o'er her own heart, ſevere;
In crowds, collected; and in courts, ſincere;
Sincere, and warm, with zeal well-underſtood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good.
Yet not ſuperior to her ſex's cares,
The mode ſhe fixes by the gown ſhe wears;
Of *Silks*, and *China* ſhe's the laſt appeal;
In theſe great points ſhe *leads* the common-weal;
And if diſputes of *empire* riſe between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and *Colberteen*,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkneſs! 'till ſuſpended fate
Aſſumes *her* nod to cloſe the grand debate.
When ſuch her mind, why will the fair expreſs
Their emulation only in their *dreſs?*
But O! the Nymph that mounts above the *Skies*,
And, *gratis*, clears religious myſteries!
Reſolv'd the *Church*'s welfare to inſure,
And make her family a *Sine-cure*.

The

The theme divine at *cards* ſhe'll not forget,
But *takes* in texts of ſcripture at *piquet* ?
In thoſe licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her *maker* that her *cards* are good.
What Angels wou'd theſe be, who thus excel
In Theologicks, could they *ſew* as well !
Yet why ſhou'd not the fair her text purſue ?
Can ſhe more decently the Doctor wooe ?
'Tis hard too, ſhe who makes no uſe but chat
Of her Religion, ſhou'd be barr'd in that.
Iſaac, a brother of the canting ſtrain,
When he has knockt at his own ſcull in vain,
To beauteous *Marcia* often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the *fair*.
O how his pious ſoul exults to find
Such love for *holy* men in womankind ?
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture, he
Hangs on her *bloom*, like an induſtrious *bee*,
Hums round about her, and with all his pow'r
Extracts ſweet wiſdom from ſo fair a *Flow'r* ?

The *young* and *gay* declining, *Abra* flies
At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wiſe* :
By nature more an *Eagle* than a *Dove*,
She impiouſly prefers the *World* to *Love*.

Can

Can wealth give happineſs? look round, and ſee
What gay diſtreſs! what ſplendid miſery!
Whatever fortune laviſhly can pour
The mind annihilates, and calls for more,
Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it ſays,
Like any Lord it *promiſes*——and *pays*.
How will the miſer ſtartle to be told
Of ſuch a wonder, as *inſolvent* gold?
What nature *wants* has an intrinſick weight;
All *more*, is but the faſhion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view,
It charms us *now*, *anon* we caſt anew,
To ſome freſh birth of *Fancy* more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Miſtaken lovers who make worth their care,
And think accompliſhments will win the fair.
The *fair* 'tis true by *Genius* ſhou'd be won,
As *flow'rs* unfold their beauties to the *ſun*;
And yet in female ſcales a *fop* outweighs,
And wit muſt wear the *willow*, with the *bays*.
Nought ſhines ſo bright in vain *Liberia*'s eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;

The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet un-hang'd, ſhe ſpreads her charms,
Snatches the dear deſtroyer to her arms;
And amply gives, (tho' treated long amiſs)
The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*.
If you reſent, and wiſh a *woman* ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.

The *languid* lady next appears in ſtate,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, ſtaggers, 'till ſome foreign aid
To her own ſtature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to ſo *ſevere* a doom,
She, by juſt ſtages *journeys* round the room:
But knowing her own weakneſs, ſhe deſpairs
To ſcale the *Alps*———that is, aſcend the *ſtairs*.
My fan! let others ſay who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! ſcarf! is her *laconick* ſtyle.
And that is ſpoke with ſuch a dying fall,
That *Betty* rather *ſees*, than *hears* the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye
Piece out th' Idea her faint words deny.

O liſten with attention moſt profound!
Her voice is but the ſhadow of a ſound.
And help! O help! her ſpirits are ſo dead,
One hand ſcarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a ſtubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! ſhe ſinks away? and is no more.
Let the robuſt, and the gigantick *carve*,
Life is not worth ſo much, ſhe'd rather *ſtarve*;
But *chew* ſhe muſt herſelf, ah cruel fate!
That *Roſalinda* can't by *proxy* eat.
An *antidote* in female caprice lies
(Kind Heav'n!) againſt the *poiſon* of their eyes.

Thaleſtris triumphs in a manly mien,
Loud is her accent, and her phraſe obſcene.
In fair, and open dealing where's the ſhame?
What nature dares to *give*, ſhe dares to *name*.
This *honeſt fellow* is ſincere and plain,
And juſtly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to Petticoats aſſign'd,
If wanton language ſhews a *naked* mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath ſupplies the vacancies of ſenſe.

Hark! the ſhrill notes tranſpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring ecchos how to ſwear.
By *Jove*, is faint, and for the ſimple ſwain;
She, on the chriſtian Syſtem, is prophane.
But tho' the volly rattles in your ear,
Believe her *dreſs*, ſhe's not a granadeer.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When *Jove* deputes a Lady in his ſtead?
A *Lady!* pardon my miſtaken pen.
A ſhameleſs woman is the worſt of *Men*.

Few to good-breeding make a juſt pretence,
Good-breeding is the bloſſom of good ſenſe;
The laſt reſult of an accompliſht mind,
With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.
A violated decency, now, reigns;
And Nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
With *Indian* painters modern *toaſts* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity*:
They *throw* their perſons with a hoydon-air
Acroſs the room, and *toſs* into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modeſt look, the caſtigated grace,
The gentle movement, and ſlow-meaſur'd pace,

For

For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pay'd*,
Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.
Stiff forms are bad, but let not worſe intrude,
Nor conquer *art*, and *nature*, to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady *D*——— ſelf will be polite.
Ye riſing fair! Ye bloom of *Britain*'s Iſle!
When highborn *Anna* with a ſoften'd ſmile
Leads on your train, and ſparkles at your head,
What ſeems moſt hard, is *not* to be well-bred.
Her bright example with ſucceſs purſue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

But adoration? give me ſomething *more*,
Cries *Lyce*, on the borders of *threeſcore*;
Nought treads ſo ſilent as the foot of *Time*:
Hence we miſtake our autumn for our prime;
'Tis greatly wiſe to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news that we *grow old*.
Autumnal *Lyce* carries in her face
Memento mori to each publick place.
O how your beating breaſt a Miſtreſs warms
Who Looks thro' ſpectacles to ſee your charms!

While rival *undertakers* hover round,
And with his ſpade the *ſexton* marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others doom,
She plans new conqueſts, and *defrauds* the tomb.
In vain the cock has ſummon'd *ſprights* away,
She walks at noon, and blaſts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow ſilks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of *Lyce* but *herſelf* is old.
Her grizzled locks aſſume a *ſmirking* grace,
And art has *levell'd* her deep-furrow'd face.
Her ſtrange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll ask her *bleſſing*, but can't ask her *love*.
She grants indeed a Lady *may* decline,
(All Ladies *but* herſelf) at *ninety-nine*.

O how unlike her was the ſacred age
Of prudent *Portia? Her* grey hairs *engage*,
Whoſe thoughts are ſuited to her life's decline.
Virtue's the paint that can make *wrinkles* ſhine.
That, and that *only* can old age ſuſtain;
Which yet all wiſh, nor know they wiſh for *pain*.
Not numerous are our joys, when life is new,
And yearly ſome are falling of the *few*;
But when we conquer life's meridian ſtage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,

They

They drop *a-pace*; by *nature* ſome decay,
And ſome the blaſts of *fortune* ſweep away;
'Till naked quite of happineſs, aloud
We call for Death, and *ſhelter* in a ſhroud.
Where's *Portia* now?—but *Portia* left behind
Two lovely copies of her form, and mind.
What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view?
Like bluſhing roſe-buds dipt in *morning* dew?
Who into ſhelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?
The mind when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind, and tide;
Fancy, and *paſſion* toſs it to and fro,
A-while torment, and then quite *ſink* in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans! ſince in ſilent duſt
Your beſt *example* lies, my *precepts* truſt.
Life ſwarms with ills, the *boldeſt* are afraid,
Where then is ſafety for a *tender maid?*
Unfit for conflict, round beſet with woes,
And *man*, whom leaſt ſhe fears, her worſt of foes!
When kind, moſt cruel; when oblig'd the moſt,
The leaſt obliging; and by favours, loſt.
Cruel by nature, they for kindneſs hate,
And ſcorn you for thoſe ills *themſelves* create.

If on your fame *our* ſex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever ſtick, thro' malice of your *own*.
Moſt hard! in pleaſing your chief *glory* lies;
And yet from pleaſing your chief *dangers* riſe:
Then pleaſe the *beſt*: and know, for men of ſenſe
Your ſtrongeſt charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him, that's worth your love, from your em-
In *ſimple* manners all the ſecret lies, [brace.
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be bleſt and wiſe.
Vain *ſhow*, and *noiſe*, intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddineſs*, and end in *pain*.
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praiſe,
Which, all thoſe wretches, I deſcribe, betrays,
Your ſex's glory 'tis to ſhine *unknown*,
Of all applauſe, be fondeſt of *your own*.
Beware the fever of the *mind!* that thirſt
With which this age is eminently curſt.
To drink of *pleaſure* but inflames deſire,
And abſtinence alone can quench the fire.
Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb,
Give peace *in hand*, and promiſe bliſs *to come*.

LOVE of FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE VI.

On *WOMEN.*

Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable the

Lady *ELIZABETH GERMAIN.*

Interdum tamen & tollit Comœdia vocem. Hor.

SATIRE VI.

I Sought a patroneſs, but ſought in vain.
Apollo whiſper'd in my ear—"*Germain.*—
I know her not—"Your reaſon's ſomewhat odd;
" Who knows his patron, now! reply'd the God.
" Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;
" Then ſteal great names to ſhield them from the Town.
" Detected *worth*, like *beauty* diſarray'd,
" To covert flies, of *praiſe* itſelf afraid;
" Should *ſhe* refuſe to patronize your lays,
" In vengeance write a Volume *in her praiſe.*

" Nor think it hard ſo great a length to run;
" When ſuch the theme, 'twill eaſily be done."

Ye Fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human ſtrength;
You, *here*, in miniature your pictures ſee;
Nor hope from *Zincks* more juſtice, than from me.
My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *ſide*;
His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench* your pride;
He's *dear*, you frugal; chuſe my *cheaper* lay,
And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.

Lavinia is *polite*, but not *prophane*;
To *Church* as conſtant, as to *Drury-lane*.
She decently, *in form* pays Heav'n its due;
And makes a civil *viſit* to her Pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a ſolemn air,
Conceals her face, which *paſſes* for a *prayer*:
Curt'ſies to curt'ſies, then, with grace ſucceed,
Not one the fair omits, but at the *creed*.
Or if ſhe joins the Service, 'tis to *ſpeak*;
Thro' dreadful *ſilence* the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
To God himſelf, and fondly think they *pray*.

But

But *ſweet* the accent, and their air *refin'd*;
For they're before their Maker,——and *mankind*:
When ladies once are *proud* of praying well,
Satan himſelf will toll the pariſh bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well bred,
Druſa receives her viſitants in bed,
But chaſte as ice, this *Veſta* to defy
The very blackeſt Tongue of calumny,
When from her Sheets her lovely form ſhe lifts,
She begs, you *juſt* would *turn you*, while ſhe *ſhifts*.

Thoſe charms are greateſt which decline the ſight,
That makes the Banquet poignant, and polite.
There is no *woman*, *where* there's no *reſerve*;
And 'tis on *plenty* your poor lovers *ſtarve*.

But with the modern Fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of ſpirit*.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
" Or if you take a Lion by the beard, *
" Or dare defy the fell *Hyrcanian* Pard,
" Or arm'd Rhinoceros, or rough *Ruſſian* Bear,
Firſt *make your will*; and then *converſe* with Her.

* *Shakeſpear.*

This

This Lady glories in profuſe expence,
And thinks *diſtraction* is *magnificence*.
To beggar her gallant is *ſome* delight,
To be more fatal ſtill, is *exquiſite*.
Had ever nymph ſuch reaſon to be glad?
In *duel* fell two lovers, one run *mad*.
Her *foes* their honeſt execrations pour;
Her *lovers* only ſhould *deteſt* her more.
Thrice happy they! who think I boldly *feign*,
And ſtartle at a Miſtreſs of my brain.

Flavia is conſtant to her old Gallant,
And generouſly ſupports him in his want.
But Marriage is a fetter, is a ſnare,
A hell, no Lady ſo polite can bear.
She's faithful, ſhe's obſervant, and with pains
Her angel brood of *baſtards* ſhe maintains.
Nor leaſt advantage has the Fair to plead,
But that of guilt, above the *marriage-bed*.

Amaſia hates a Prude, and ſcorns reſtraint;
Whate'er ſhe *is*, ſhe'll not *appear* a ſaint:
Her ſoul ſuperior flies formality,
So gay her air, her conduct is ſo free,

Some

Some might ſuſpect the nymph not *over-good*——
Nor would they be miſtaken, if they ſhou'd.

Unmarried *Abra* puts on formal airs;
Her cuſhion's thread-bare with her conſtant prayers.
Her only grief is that ſhe cannot be
At once engag'd in *prayer*, and *charity*.
And *this*, to do her Juſtice, muſt be ſaid,
" *Who would not think that* Abra *was a maid?*

Some Ladies are too beauteous to be wed,
For where's the man that's worthy of their Bed?
If no diſeaſe reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be raviſh'd at threeſcore.
Then ſhe ſubmits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting——but her ſpark.

Lucia thinks happineſs conſiſts in ſtate;
She weds an *idiot*; but ſhe eats in *plate*.
The goods of fortune, which her ſoul poſſeſs,
Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happineſs;
The rude *material*; *Wiſdom* add to *this*,
Wiſdom the ſole *artificer* of bliſs.
She from herſelf, if ſo compell'd by need,
Of *thin content*, can draw the ſubtle thread;

But

But (no detraction to her ſacred skill)
If ſhe can work in *gold*, 'tis better ſtill.

If *Tullia* had been bleſt with *half* her ſenſe,
None cou'd too much admire her excellence.
But ſince ſhe can make *error* ſhine ſo bright,
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*,
With underſtanding ſhe is quite o'er-run;
And by too great accompliſhments undone.
With skill ſhe vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever moſt *divinely* in the *wrong*.
Naked in nothing ſhould a woman be,
But veil her very *wit* with *modeſty*;
Let man *diſcover*, let not her *diſplay*,
But yield her *charms of mind* with ſweet delay.
For pleaſure form'd, perverſly ſome believe,
To make themſelves *important*, men muſt *grieve*.
Leſbia the fair, to fire her jealous Lord,
Pretends, the Fop ſhe laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain ſhe's *proud* of ſecret innocence,
The fact ſhe feigns were ſcarce a worſe offence.
Mira endow'd with every charm to bleſs,
Has no deſign but on her Husband's *peace*;

He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
At ſmall inquietudes in her he lov'd.
" *How charming this?* —The pleaſure laſted long;
Now every day the fit comes thick, and ſtrong;
At laſt he found the Charmer only *feign'd*,
And was diverted, when he *ſhould* be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the Gods in ſtore?
How tedious life, now ſhe can *plague* no more?
She tries her thouſand arts, but none ſucceed:
She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed:*
Thus ſtrickly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,
Her husband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.

Anxious *Melania* riſes to my view,
Who never thinks her Lover pays his due;
Viſit, preſent, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her Majeſty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges, querilouſly ſhrill.
" You went laſt night with *Celia* to the ball."
You prove it falſe. " Not go? that's worſt of all."
Nothing can pleaſe her, nothing *not* inflame;
And arrant *contradictions* are the *ſame*.

Her

Her Lover muſt be *ſad*, to pleaſe her ſpleen,
His *mirth* is an inexpiable ſin.
For of all *Rivals* that can pain her breaſt,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the reſt;
To wreck her quiet, the moſt dreadful ſhelf
Is, if her Lover dares enjoy himſelf.
And this, becauſe ſhe's exquiſitely fair,
Should I diſpute her beauty, how ſhe'd ſtare?
How would *Melania* be ſurpris'd to hear
She's quite deform'd? and yet the caſe is clear.
What's female beauty, but an air divine
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces ſhine?
They, like the ſun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms*, becauſe the ſoul is *ſeen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace;
Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can *bear*;
Some, none *reſiſt*, tho' not exceeding fair.

Aſpaſia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taſte refin'd, in life and manners read,
Yet reaps no fruit from her ſuperior ſenſe,
But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.

" Folks

" Folks are ſo aukward! things ſo unpolite!"
She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn to night.
Her delicacy's ſhock'd where-e'er ſhe goes,
Each *creature's imperfections*, are her *woes*.
Heav'n by its favours has the fair diſtreſt,
And pour ſuch bleſſings—that ſhe *can't* be bleſt.
Ah! why ſo vain, tho' blooming in thy ſpring,
Thou *ſhining*, *frail*, *ador'd*, and *wretched* thing!
Old age *will* come, diſeaſe *may* come before,
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threeſcore*.
Thy fortune, and thy charms may ſoon decay;
But grant theſe *fugitives* prolong their ſtay,
Their baſis totters, their foundation ſhakes,
Life, that ſupports them, in a moment breaks;
Then, *wrought* into the ſoul let virtues ſhine,
The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.

Julia's a manager, ſhe's born for rule,
And knows her *wiſer* husband is a *fool*;
Aſſemblies holds, and ſpins the *ſubtle thread*
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;
For difficult amours can ſmooth the way,
And tender letters *dictate*, or *convey*.

But if depriv'd of ſuch important cares,
Her wiſdom condeſcends to leſs affairs.
For her *own* breakfaſt ſhe'll *project a ſcheme*,
Nor *take* her *Tea* without a *ſtratagem*;
Preſides o'er *trifles* with a *ſerious* face,
Important by the virtue of *grimace*.
Ladies ſupreme among amuſements reign,
By nature born to *ſooth*, and *entertain*;
Their *prudence* in a ſhare of folly lies,
Why will they be ſo *weak*, as to be *wiſe*.

Syrena is for ever in extremes,
And *with a vengeance* ſhe commends, or blames.
Conſcious of her diſconcernment, which is good,
She ſtrains too much to make it underſtood.
Her *judgment* juſt, her *ſentence* is too ſtrong;
Becauſe ſhe's right, ſhe's ever in the wrong;

Brunetta's wiſe in actions great, and rare.
But ſcorns on *trifles* to beſtow her care.
Thus ev'ry hour *Brunetta* is to blame,
Becauſe the occaſion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *triſle*, tho' it ſmall appear;
Small ſands the mountain, moments make the year;

And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfaſt with *Alicea*, there you'll ſee
Simplex munditiis, to the laſt degree.
Unlac'd her ſtays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what ſhe has of head-dreſs is aſide.
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwaſh't her hands, and much beſnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd ſhe loves;
And would draw on jack-boots, as ſoon as gloves.
Gloves by queen *Beſs*'s maidens might be miſt,
Her bleſſed eyes ne'er ſaw a female *fiſt*.
Lovers beware! to wound how can ſhe fail
With ſcarlet finger, and long jetty nail?
For *Hervey* the firſt *wit* ſhe cannot be,
Nor cruel *Richard* the firſt *toaſt* for thee;
Since full each other ſtation of *renown*,
Who would not be the greateſt *Trapes* in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight,
A *female ſloven* is an odious ſight.

Fair *Iſabella* is ſo fond of *fame*,
That her *dear-ſelf* is her eternal theme;

Thro'

Thro' hopes of contradiction oft ſhe'll ſay,
" Methinks I look ſo wretchedly to-day!"
When moſt the world applauds you, moſt beware;
'Tis often leſs a *bleſſing*, than a *ſnare*.
Diſtruſt *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
The breath of *others* raiſes our renown,
Our *own* as ſure blows the pageant down;
Take up no more, than you by worth can claim,
Leſt ſoon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.
But own I muſt, in this perverted age,
Who moſt *deſerve*, can't always moſt *engage*.
So far is Worth from making glory ſure,
It often hinders what it *ſhould* procure.
Whom praiſe we *moſt?* the virtuous, brave and wiſe?
No; wretches, whom in ſecret we deſpiſe.
And who ſo blind, as not to ſee the cauſe?
No rival's rais'd by ſuch *diſcreet* applauſe;
And yet, of credit it lays in a ſtore,
By which our ſpleen may wound *true* worth the more.
Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all*;
Can women then, no way but *backward* fall?

So

So ſweet is *that one* crime they don't purſue,
To pay its loſs, they think all others *few*.
Who hold that crime ſo dear, muſt never claim
Of *injur'd modeſty* the ſacred name.
But *Clio* thus. "What, railing without end?
"Mean task! how much more generous to commend?"
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind *inſtructor*, and *example* too.
"*Daphnis*, ſays *Clio*, has a charming eye:
"What pity 'tis her ſhoulder is awry?
"*Aſpaſia*'s ſhape indeed——but then her air——
"The man has parts who finds deſtruction, there.
"*Almeria*'s wit has ſomething that's divine;
"And wit's enough——how few in all things ſhine?
"*Selina* ſerves her friends, relieves the poor——
"Who was it ſaid *Selina*'s near threeſcore?
"At *Lucia*'s match I from my ſoul rejoice,
"The world congratulates ſo wiſe a choice;
"His lordſhip's rent-roll is exceeding great——
"But mortgages will ſap the beſt eſtate.
"In *Sherley*'s form might cherubims appear,
"But then——ſhe has a *freckle* on her *ear*."

Without a *but*, *Hortenſia* ſhe commends,
The firſt of women, and the beſt of friends;
Owns her in perſon, wit, fame, virtue bright;
But how comes this to paſs?—ſhe dy'd laſt night.
Thus nymphs commend, who yet at Satire rail;
Indeed *that*'s needleſs, if *ſuch* praiſe prevail;
And whence ſuch praiſe? our virulence is thrown
On *others* fame, thro' fondneſs for our *own*.

Of rank, and riches proud, *Cleora* frowns;
For are not *coronets* akin to *Crowns*?
Her greedy eye, and her ſublime addreſs
The height of *avarice*, and *pride* confeſs.
You ſeek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go, ſeek for her perfections at the Bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reaſon uncontroll'd,
For ever burns her ſacred thirſt of gold.
As fond of five-pence, as the verieſt *Cit*,
And quite as much deteſted, as a *Wit*.
Can gold calm *paſſion*, or make *reaſon* ſhine?
Can we dig *peace*, or *wiſdom* from the mine?
Wiſdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much leſs
To make our *fortune*, than our *happineſs*.

That

That happineſs which great ones often ſee,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themſelves unbleſt: the poor are *only* poor;
But what are they who *droop* amid their ſtore?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch *of ſtate*;
The *happy* only are the truly *great*.
Peaſants enjoy like appetites with Kings,
And thoſe beſt ſatisfied with cheapeſt things.
Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *ſenſe*,
Our envy wou'd be due to large expence.
Since not, thoſe pomps which to the great belong
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See, how they beg an alms of flattery?
They languiſh! oh ſupport them with a *lye!*
A *decent competence* we fully taſte;
It ſtrikes our *ſenſe*, and gives a conſtant feaſt:
More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone?
The rich muſt *labour* to poſſeſs *their own*,
To feel their great abundance; and requeſt
Their humble friends to *help* them to be bleſt;
To *ſee* their treaſures, *hear* their glory told,
And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.

But ſome, great ſouls! and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give *gold* a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *ſhine*.
All *hoarded* treaſures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well beſtow'd.
Grand *reſervoirs* of public happineſs,
Thro' *ſecret* ſtreams diffuſively they bleſs;
And while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,
Relieve our *wants*, and *ſpare* our *bluſhes* too.
But Satire is my task, and *theſe* deſtroy
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
Help me, ye miſers! help me to complain,
And blaſt our common enemy, *Germain*:
But our *invectatives* muſt deſpair ſucceſs,
For next to *praiſe*, ſhe values nothing leſs.

What picture's yonder looſen'd from its frame?
Or is't *Aſturia*? that affected dame?
The brighteſt forms, thro *Affectation*, fade
To ſtrange *new* things, which *nature* never made;
Frown not, ye fair! ſo much your ſex we prize,
We hate thoſe *arts* that take you from our eyes;
In *Albucinda*'s native grace is ſeen
What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.

Short

Short is the rule, and to be learnt with eaſe,
Retain your gentle ſelves, and you *muſt* pleaſe.
Here, might I ſing of *Memmia*'s mincing mien,
And all the movements of the ſoft machine:
How two red lips affected *zephyrs* blow,
To cool the *bohea*, and inflame the beau;
While one white *finger*, and a *thumb*, conſpire
To lift the *cup*, and make the *world* admire.

Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal ſtream?
As *Lethe*, dreadful to the *love of fame*.
What devaſtations on thy banks are ſeen?
What *ſhades* of mighty names which once have been?
A *Hacatomb* of characters ſupplies
Thy painted altars daily ſacrifice.
H—P—B— aſperſt by thee, decay,
As grains of fineſt ſugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taſte:
Scandal's the ſweetner of a *female* feaſt.
But this inhuman triumph ſhall decline,
And thy revolting *Naiads* call for *wine*;
Spirits no longer ſhall ſerve *under* thee;
But reign in thy own cup, *exploded Tea!*

Citronia's noſe declares thy ruin nigh;
And who dares give *Citronia*'s noſe the lye? *

The Ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health, and virtue, blam'd?
At length to reſcue man, the *generous* laſs
Stole from her conſort the pernicious glaſs.
As glorious as the *Britiſh* queen renown'd,
Who *ſuckt* the poiſon from her husband's wound.
Nor to the *glaſs* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

O *Juvenal!* for thy ſeverer rage!
To laſh the ranker follies of our age.
Are there among the females of our iſle
Such faults, at which it is a fault to *ſmile?*
There are. Vice, once by *modeſt nature* chain'd,
And *legal ties*, expatiates unreſtrain'd,
Without thin *decency* held up to view,
Naked ſhe ſtalks o'er *law*, and *goſpel* too.
Our matrons lead ſuch exemplary lives,
Men ſigh in vain, for *none*, but for their *wives*;
Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a ſcore.

* *Virg.* Abroad

Abroad too kind, at home 'tis ſtedfaſt hate,
And one eternal tempeſt of debate.
What foul eruptions from a look moſt meek?
What thunders burſting from a dimpled cheek?
Their *paſſions* bear it with a lofty hand;
But then, their *reaſon* is at due command.
Is there whom you deteſt, and ſeek his life?
Truſt no ſoul with the ſecret——but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask, what kindred is a *ſpouſe* to them?
What ſwarms of amorous *grandmothers* I ſee?
And Miſſes, *ancient* in iniquity?
What blaſting whiſpers, and what loud declaiming?
What lying, drinking, bawding, ſwearing, gaming?
Friendſhip ſo cold, ſuch warm incontinence,
Such griping avarice, ſuch profuſe expence,
Such dead devotion, ſuch a zeal for crimes,
Such licens'd ill, ſuch maſquerading times,
Such venal faith, ſuch miſapply'd applauſe,
Such flatter'd guilt, and ſuch inverted laws,
Such diſſolution thro' the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but Chaos of mankind.
Since *Sundays* have no balls, the well-dreſt *Belle*
Shines in the pew, but ſmiles to hear of *hell*;

And caſts an eye of ſweet diſdain on all,
Who liſtens leſs to *C*———*n*, than St. *Paul.*
Atheiſts have been but rare, ſince nature's birth;
'Till now, ſhe-atheiſts ne'er appear'd on earth;
Ye men of deep reſearches, ſay, whence ſprings
This daring character, in timorous things,
Who ſtart at *feathers*, from an *inſect* fly,
A match for nothing——but the *Deity.*

But not to wrong the fair, the Muſe muſt own
In this purſuit they court not *fame* alone;
But join to that a more ſubſtantial view,
" From thinking free, to be free agents too.
They ſtrive with their own hearts, and keep them down
In complaiſance to all the fools in town.
O how they tremble at the name of *prude?*
And die with ſhame, at thought of being *good?*
For what will *Artimis* the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, ſay?
They Heav'n defy, to earth's vile dregs a ſlave,
Thro' cowardice, moſt execrably brave.
With our own judgments durſt we to comply,
In virtue ſhould we live, in glory die.

Riſe then, my Muſe, in honeſt fury riſe,
They dread a Satire, who defy the skies.
Atheiſts are few; moſt nymphs a godhead own,
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.
From Atheiſts far, they ſtedfaſtly believe
God is, and is almighty——to *forgive*.
His other excellence they'll not diſpute;
But *mercy*, ſure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleaſures of a ſhort duration chain
A *lady's* ſoul in everlaſting pain?
Will the great author us poor worms deſtroy,
For now and then a *ſip* of tranſient joy?
No, he's for ever in a ſmiling mood,
He's like themſelves; or how cou'd he be good?
And they blaſpheme who blacker ſchemes ſuppoſe—
Devoutly, thus, *Jehovah* they depoſe
The *pure!* the *Juſt!* and ſet up in his ſtead
A Deity, that's perfectly *well bred*.
" Dear *Tillotſon!* beſure the beſt of men;
" Nor thought he more, than thought great *Origen*.
" Tho' once upon a time he misbehav'd;
" Poor *Satan!* doubtleſs he'll at length be ſav'd.
" Let prieſts do ſomething for their one in ten;
" It is their *trade*; ſo far they're honeſt men.

" Let them cant on, ſince they have got the knack,
" And dreſs their notions, like themſelves in *black*;
" Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*,
" From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
" Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
" But then they leave our *untith'd virtue* free.
" *Virtue's a pretty thing to make a ſhow*,
" Did ever mortal write like *Rochefoucaut*?
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologiſt,
And pleading, ſafely enters on his liſt.

Let angel-forms angelick truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the *beauteous*, and *prophane*.
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face*?
Virtue made *viſible* in outward grace?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more ſhe *charms* the more ſhe *ſhocks* mankind.

But charms decline; the Fair long Vigils keep:
They ſleep no more! * *Quadrille* has murder'd ſleep.
" Poor *K—p!* cries *Livia*; I have not been there
" Theſe two nights; the poor creature will deſpair'
" I hate a crowd— but to do good, you know —
" And people of condition ſhou'd beſtow.

* *Shakeſpear.*

Convinc'd,

Convinc'd, o'ercome, to *K—p*'s grave matrons run,
Now *ſet* a daughter, and now *ſtake* a ſon;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
And beggar half their race——thro' *charity*.
Immortal were we, or elſe mortal *quite*,
I leſs ſhou'd blame this criminal delight;
But ſince the gay aſſembly's gayeſt room,
Is but an upper ſtory to ſome tomb,
Methinks we need not our *ſhort* beings ſhun,
And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.
We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,
And give *eternity* to murder *time*.
The love of gaming is the worſt of ills,
With ceaſeleſs ſtorms the blacken'd ſoul it fills,
Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood,
Deſtroys the pow'r, and will of doing good,
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in diſgrace,
And what is ſtill more dreadful—ſpoils your face.
See yonder ſet of thieves that live on ſpoil,
The *ſcandal*, and the *ruin* of our iſle!
And, ſee, (ſtrange ſight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her ſnowy hand;
That rattles loud a ſmall enchanted box,
Which loud as thunder on the board ſhe knocks.

And as fierce ſtorms, which earths foundation ſhook,
From *Æolus*'s cave impetuous broke
From this ſmall cavern a mixt tempeſt flies,
Fear, rage, convulſion, tears, oaths, blaſphemies!
For men, I mean, the Fair diſcharges none;
She (guiltleſs creature!) ſwears to heav'n alone.
See her eyes ſtart! cheeks glow! and muſcles ſwell!
Like the mad maid in the *Cumean* cell.
Thus that divine one her *ſoft* nights employs!
Thus tunes her ſoul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aking head,
With the dire images her dreams are crown'd.
The *die* ſpins lovely, or the *cards* go round:
Imaginary ruin charms her ſtill,
Her happy lord is cuckol'd by *Spadil*:
And if ſhe's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her *darling* ſon.
O ſcene of horror, and of wild deſpair!
Why is the rich *Atrides*' ſplendid heir
Conſtrain'd to quit his ancient lordly ſeat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn ſword? and whence that diſmal cry?
Why pale diſtraction thro' the family?

See

See my lord threatens, and my lady weep,
And trembling ſervants from the tempeſt creep.
Why that gay *ſon* to diſtant regions ſent?
What fiends that *daughter*'s deſtin'd match prevent?
Why the whole houſe in ſudden ruin laid?
O nothing but laſt night——my Lady play'd.
But wanders not my Satire from her theme?
Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame?*
Though, now, your hearts on *lucre* are beſtow'd;
'Twas, firſt, a *vain devotion* to the *mode.*
Nor ceaſe we *here*, ſince 'tis a vice ſo ſtrong;
The torrent ſweeps all womankind along.
This may be ſaid in honour of our times,
That, none, now ſtands *diſtinguiſh'd* by their crimes.
If ſin you muſt, take nature for your guide,
Love has ſome ſoft excuſe, to ſooth your pride;
Ye fair apoſtates from love's ancient pow'r!
Can nothing *raviſh* but a *golden ſhow'r?*
Can cards alone your glowing fancy ſeize?
Muſt *Cupid* learn to *punt*, ere he can *pleaſe?*
When you're enamour'd of a *lift* or *caſt*,
What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chaſt?*
Can *fame* like a *repique*, the ſoul entrance?
And what is *virtue* to the *lucky chance?*

Why muſt ſtrong youths *unmarry'd* pine away?
They find no woman diſengag'd——*from play.*
Why pine the *marry'd?* O ſeverer fate!
They find from play no diſengag'd—*eſtate.*
Flavia, at lovers falſe *untouch'd*, and *hard*,
Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card.
Nor *Arria's* bible can ſecure her age;
Her threeſcore years are ſhuffling with her Page.
While *death* ſtands by, but 'till the game is done,
To ſweep *that ſtake*, in juſtice, long *his own*;
Like old cards ting'd with ſulphur ſhe takes fire;
Or, like ſnuffs ſunk in ſockets, blazes higher.
Ye Gods! with *new* delights inſpire the fair;
Or give us *ſons*, and ſave us from deſpair.
Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradeſman* cloſe
In my complaint, and brand your ſins in *proſe:*
Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,
In ſpite of all our wiſdom, you'll proceed.
Our pride ſo great, our paſſion is ſo ſtrong,
Advice to *right*, confirms us in the *wrong.*
I hear you cry, "this fellow's very odd."
When *you* chaſtiſe, who would not kiſs the rod?
But I've a charm your anger ſhall control,
And turn your eyes with coldneſs on the *vole.*

The

The charm begins! To yonder flood of light
That burſts o'er gloomy *Britain*, turn your ſight.
What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your ſouls with awe?
Her Deeds are precepts, her example, law.
'Midſt empire's charms, how *Carolina*'s heart
Glows with the Love of *virtue*, and of *art?*
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Exceſs of goodneſs! it has dawn'd on me:
When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
Or godlike deeds were ſhown, or generous thoughts,
She ſmil'd, *induſtrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the *borrow'd* luſtre drew.

* Thus the mageſtick mother of mankind,
To her own charms moſt amiably blind.
On the green margin innocently ſtood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the cryſtal flood;
Survey'd the ſtranger in the painted wave,
And ſmiling, prais'd the beauties which ſhe gave.

† In more than civil war, *while patriots ſtorm*;
While Genius *is but cold, their* paſſion *warm*;

* *Milton.* † *Lucan.*

While

While publick good *aloft, in pomp, they wield,*
And private intereſt *skulks behind the ſhield,*
While Miſt, *and* Wilkins *riſe in* weekly *might,*
Make preſſes *groan, lead* ſenators *to fight,*
Exalt our coffee *with lampoons, and treat*
The pamper'd mob with miniſters of ſtate;
" * *While* Até *hot from hell makes heroes ſhrink,*
" *Cries havock, and lets looſe the dogs of* ink;
Nor rank, *nor* ſex *eſcapes the general frown,*
But ladies *are ript up, and* cits *knock'd down;*
Tremendous force! where even the victor *bleeds,*
And he deſerves our pity, *that* ſucceeds;
Immortal Juvenal! *and thou of* France!
In your fam'd field my Satire *dares advance;*
But cuts herſelf a track, to you unknown,
Nor crops your *laurel, but wou'd raiſe* her own;
A bold *adventure! but a* ſafe *one too!*
For, though ſurpaſt, I am ſurpaſt by You.

* *Shakeſpear.*

LOVE

LOVE of FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE VII.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE.*

Carmina tum meliús, cum venerit IPSE, *canemus.*

VIRG.

SATIRE VII.

ON this laſt labour, this my cloſing ſtrain
Smile, *Walpole*, or the *nine* inſpire in vain.
To *thee* 'tis due; that verſe how juſtly thine,
Where *Brunſwick*'s glory crowns the whole deſign?
That glory, which thy counſels make ſo bright;
That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
Illuſtrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To *give*, and *take* a luſtre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The *fountain* is not foreign to the *ſtream*.
How all mankind will be ſurpriz'd, to ſee
This flood of *Britiſh* folly charg'd on thee?
Yet, *Britain*, whence this caprice of thy Sons,
Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?
The cauſe is plain, a cauſe which we muſt bleſs;
For caprice is the Daughter of *ſucceſs*,
(A bad effect, but from a pleaſing cauſe!)
And gives our Rulers undeſign'd applauſe;

Tells

Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increaſe,
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.
While I ſurvey the bleſſings of our Iſle,
Her *arts* triumphant in the Royal ſmile,
Her publick *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,
Her *commerce* ſpreading ſails in every ſky,
The pleaſing ſcene recalls my theme agen,
And ſhew the madneſs of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodſhed, draw the murd'ring ſword,
And burn to give mankind a ſingle Lord.

The Follies paſt are of a private kind,
Their ſphere is ſmall, their miſchief is confin'd;
But daring men there are (awake, my Muſe,
And raiſe thy verſe) who bolder frenzy chuſe;
Who ſtung by glory, rave, and bound away;
The *world* their Field, and *human-kind* their Prey.
The *Grecian* chief, th' Enthuſiaſt of his pride,
With Rage, and Terror ſtalking by his ſide,
Raves round the globe; he ſoars into a God!
Stand faſt, *Olympus!* and ſuſtain his nod.
The beſt divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miſeries, and pains.

What

What ſlaughter'd *hoſts!* what *cities* in a blaze!
What waſted *countries!* and what crimſon *ſeas!*
With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repoſe.
And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraiſe
The boiſt'rous boy, and blaſt his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the *ſtorm*,
Or *famine*, or *volcano?* they perform
Their mighty deeds, they Hero-like can ſlay,
And ſpread their ample deſerts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With *dearth*, and *peſtilence* to ſhare the crown.
When men extol a wild Deſtroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preſerver they blaſpheme.
One to deſtroy is murder by the law,
And Gibbets keep the lifted Hand in awe;
To murder thouſands takes a ſpecious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal Fame.
When after battle I the field have ſeen
Spread o'er with ghaſtly ſhapes, which once were men;
A *nation* cruſht! a nation of the *brave!*
A realm of death! and on this ſide the grave!
Are there, ſaid I, who from this ſad ſurvey,
This *human chaos*, carry ſmiles away!

How

How did my heart with indignation riſe!
How honeſt nature ſwell'd into my eyes!
How was I ſhockt, to think the hero's trade
Of ſuch materials *fame*, and *triumph* made!

How guilty Theſe? yet not leſs guilty They,
Who reach falſe glory by a ſmoother way;
Who wrapt deſtruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and ſmiles, more fatal than their ſwords;
Who ſtifle *nature*, and ſubſiſt on *art*,
Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart*;
All real kindneſs for the ſhew diſcard,
As marble poliſh'd, and, as marble hard.
Who do for gold what chriſtians do thro' grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace."
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
"The thinneſt food on which a wretch can dine."
Or, if they ſerve you, ſerve you diſinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindneſs, are unkind.
Such *courtiers* were, and ſuch again may be,
Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.

Here ceaſe, my muſe! the *Catalogue* is writ,
Nor one more candidate for fame, admit,

Tho'

Tho' diſappointed thouſands juſtly blame
Thy partial pen, and boaſt an equal claim.
Be this their comfort, fools omitted here
May furniſh laughter for another year,
Then let *Criſpino*, who was ne'er refus'd
The *juſtice* yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait! and he content to reign
The pink of puppies in ſome future ſtrain.
Some future ſtrain, in which the Muſe ſhall tell
How *ſcience* dwindles, and how *volumes* ſwell.
How commentators each *dark* paſſage ſhun,
And hold their farthing candle to the *ſun*.
How tortur'd texts to ſpeak our ſenſe are made,
And every vice is to the ſcripture laid.
How miſers ſqueeze a young, voluptuous peer,
His ſins to *Luciſer* not half ſo dear.
How *Verres* is leſs qualify'd to ſteal
With ſword and piſtol, then with wax and ſeal.
How lawyers' fees to ſuch exceſs are run,
That clients are redreſt, 'till they're undone.
How one man's anguiſh is another's ſport,
And even denials coſt as dear at court.
How man eternally falſe judgments makes,
And all his joys, and ſorrows are *miſtakes*.

This

This ſwarm of themes that ſettles on my pen,
Which I, like ſummer-flies ſhake off again,
Let others ſing; to whom my weak eſſay
But ſounds a prelude, and points out their prey.
That duty done, I haſten to compleat
My own deſign; for *Tonſon*'s at the gate.
The Love of Fame in its *effects* ſurvey'd
The Muſe has ſung; be now the *cauſe* diſplay'd:
Since ſo diffuſive, and ſo wide its ſway,
What is his Power, whom all mankind obey?
Shot from above, by heaven's indulgence came
This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raiſe, to deify mankind,
Still burning brighteſt in the nobleſt mind.
By large-ſoul'd men, for thirſt of fame renown'd,
Wiſe *laws* were fram'd, and ſacred *arts* were found;
Deſire of praiſe firſt broke the *patriot*'s reſt,
And made a bulwark of the *warrior*'s breaſt;
It bids *Argyle* in fields and ſenates ſhine.
What more can prove its origin divine?
But oh! this paſſion planted in the ſoul
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming miniſter of *virtue* meant,
Set up falſe Gods, and wrong'd her high deſcent.

Am-

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots, and beauties an alternate ſource;
Hence *Gildon* rails, that Raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcaſes of wit;
And in art-loving *Scarborough* is ſeen
How kind a Patron *Pollio might* have been.
Purſuit of fame with pedants fills our ſchools,
And into *coxcombs* burniſhes our *fools*;
Purſuit of fame makes ſolid learning bright,
And *Newton* lifts above a mortal height;
That key of nature, by whoſe wit ſhe clears
Her long, long ſecrets of five thouſand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what *degrees*, Pride ſways the ſoul?
(For tho' in all, not equally, ſhe reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my ſtrains.

Ye Doctors! hear the doctrine I diſcloſe,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dulleſt proſe;
As if a letter'd dunce had ſaid "'tis right,"
And *imprimatur* uſher'd it to light.

To *glorious deeds* this paſſion fires the mind;
And cloſer draws the *ties* of humankind,
Confirms *ſociety*; ſince what we prize
As *our* chief bleſſing, muſt from *others* riſe.

Ambition

Ambition in the *truly-noble mind*
With ſiſter-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd *Lucrece*, who with equal dread
From *guilt*, and *ſhame*, by her laſt conduct fled;
Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm diſdain,
And the ſword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the ſlave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her ſide, her *love of fame* obey'd.
In *meaner minds* Ambition works alone,
But with ſuch art puts virtue's aſpect on,
That not more like in feature, and in mien,
* The God and Mortal in the comic ſcene.
Falſe *Julius*, ambuſht in this fair diſguiſe,
Soon made the *Roman* liberties his prize.
No maſk in *baſeſt minds* Ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her aſs's ears;
All I have ſung are inſtances of *this*,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiſs.

Ye *vain!* deſiſt from your erroneous ſtrife;
Be wiſe, and quit the falſe *ſublime* of life.
The *true* ambition there alone reſides,
Where *juſtice* vindicates, and *wiſdom* guides;

* *Amphitrion.*

Where

Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* ſtate,
Our *purpoſe* good, as our *atchievement* great;
Where publick *bleſſings* publick *praiſe* attend,
Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*.
Wouldſt thou be *fam'd?* have thoſe high deeds in view
Brave men would act, tho' *ſcandal* ſhould enſue.

Behold a Prince! whom no ſwoln thoughts inflame;
No pride of thrones, no fever after fame;
But when the welfare of mankind inſpires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conqueſt then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs ſparkle in his ſight;
Tumult and *noiſe* are dear, which with them bring
His people's bleſſings to their ardent king:
But, when thoſe great heroic motives ceaſe,
His ſwelling ſoul ſubſides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A *ſudden* foe to ſplendor, and applauſe,
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
'Till men, and angels jointly ſhout his name.
O pride celeſtial! which can pride diſdain;
O bleſt ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.

From

From one fam'd *Alpine* hill, which props the ſky,
In whoſe deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burſt the *Rhone* and ſounding *Po*, there ſhine
I. infant rills the *Danube* and the *Rhine*;
From the rich ſtore one fruitful urn ſupplies,
Whole kingdoms ſmile, a thouſand harveſts riſe.

In *Brunſwick* ſuch a ſource the Muſe adores,
Which publick bleſſings thro' half *Europe* pours,
When his heart burns with ſuch a godlike aim,
Angels and *George* are *rivals* for the Fame;
George, who in foes can ſoft affections raiſe,
And charm envenom'd Satire into praiſe.

* Nor *human* rage alone his pow'r perceives,
But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves*.
Even ſtorms (death's fierceſt miniſters!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to ſpare.
Thus, *nature-ſelf*, ſupporting *man*'s decree,
Stiles *Britain*'s ſovereign, ſovereign of the *ſea*.
While *ſea* and *air*, great *Brunſwick!* ſhook our ſtate,
And ſported with a king's, and kingdom's fate,

* *The King in danger by ſea.*

Depriv'd

Depriv'd of what ſhe lov'd, and preſt with fear,
Of *ever* loſing what ſhe held moſt dear,
How did *Britannia*, like * *Achilles*, weep,
And tell her ſorrows to the *kindred deep*?
Hang o'er the floods, and in devotion warm,
Strive, for thee, with the ſurge, and fight the ſtorm?
What felt thy *Walpole*, pilot of the realm?
Our *Palinurus* † ſlept not at the helm,
His eye ne'er clos'd; long ſince inur'd to wake,
And outwatch every ſtar, for *Brunſwick*'s ſake.
By thwarting paſſions toſt, by cares oppreſt,
He found thy tempeſt pictur'd in his breaſt,
But, *now*, what joys that gloom of heart diſpel,
No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which *Nature* and the *Graces* form,
At will, to raiſe, or huſh the *civil* ſtorm.

* *Hom. Il.* l. 1.
† *Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem*, &c. Virg. l. 5.

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